

(Interesting as the only favorable reaction
to China given in interviews)

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A YEAR IN CHINA

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Yes

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Must have had this one

I have written about young men, young boys, middle-aged woman, and now I have an opportunity to write about a girl in her twenties.

We, who are born here do not understand the past history of China. [On the Chinese calendar] we do know that the fifth of May and the tenth of October as days of importance. ^{in the Chinese calendar} We celebrate ^{then} and it is doubtful if anyone of us could give a definite meaning as to the reason of the celebration. Our mothers and fathers do not explain to us the purpose of the holidays or to be more exact we, the children, do not inquire about it and whenever a holiday comes around we look forward to it ^{only} as a day of rest and feasting.

Through this girl I was able to learn that the celebration of the Chinese holidays over here is just put to shame by the huge and elaborate celebration of the same holidays in China.

This young lady, before she took her trip back, was just as ignorant of the history of the holidays as anyone of us. ^{Only} After her experience in taking part in the holidays did she realize the importance of these days to the lives of the Chinese people.

[The young lady took her first peep in this wide world in the sunny, golden, state of California.] ^{She was born in California and} [She] was married after graduating from high school. The husband and she took a trip back to China for the purpose of seeing the folks and also as a pleasure trip. The husband's mother lived in Canton City, which is today considered one of the great centers of Southern China. There living is not so backward as in the small villages. But many things that the people do there are strange and quaint compared to American life.

But to listen to the girl tell it:

"My husband and I left California on December about four years ago. We were on a new boat, the President Hoover, and we took a special third class room.

"I remember passing near Shanghai and we, who are on the boats, could actually hear the roar of the guns and cannons and the buzzing of the airplanes overhead.

"We continued our way and we arrived in Hongkong somewhere during the new years. There was a great deal of celebration. We immediately left for Canton City.

"Canton City is a great deal larger than Oakland. There are many people living there. We lived in a brick house which was quite roomy. All around the city the carpenters are tearing down old wooden buildings and erecting new modern houses. Some of the streets are very wide and others are very narrow. On the whole, the city compared quite favorably with Oakland.

"The manner in which people work and live was very strange to me. People work all through the week. Sunday was a week day like any other day of the week. All the stores are opened. The only time that the stores are closed is

during the holidays and the week during New Year. Then most of the stores close for one whole week. Of course, the restaurants and the drug stores do not close. The fact is that most of the restaurants open all day and all night.

"There are two distinct sections in Canton City. The commercial and the residential. The residential city is supplied with electricity. In the city there is only one electrical company. This company supplied electric to both sections of the city. During the evening it is a common thing to have the light suddenly stopped. The reason for this is that the commercial stores needed the light and the company gave it to them by stopping the light in the residential section. When the light stopped we lit the coal oil stores and lamps.

"We cook with a stove that burns wood. In our house there is no gas range.

"The school girls wear ^{blouses} [middy] and skirts and the other women and men wear the typical Chinese long robes.

"The strangest thing to me is the way in which the store sells goods. Each store sells only one particular kind of thing. A silk store sells only silk, a food store sells only food. Another particular thing is that each street has its own particular store. One street would contain only food store, another street would have only restaurants and it is a very common for people to inquire in every store and buy from the cheapest one because the stores are so close together.

"In the villages things and conditions are very different.

Every Tuesday the villagers gathered around centers and buy whatever they needed for the entire week. But in the cities that is not necessary because the stores are always open.

"My husband worked at San Tow for many months. He ^{did} ~~does~~ not come home very often because the trip is so far.

"Most of the time in China is spent in visiting the villages and temples and the old sights. I remembered visiting an ancient temple on the hills. The temples are very ancient; some of them ^{are} ~~being~~ built right out of the rocks on the hills. Today people go there to pray just like long ago. Every temple has its own history. I visited so many of them that I do not remember the history of the temples.

"The life of the Chinese people in China is full of color and atmosphere. They make a great deal of fuss over funerals and weddings. Sometimes the only difference between a wedding and a funeral is that instead of a coffin parading through the streets one sees a sedan chair and the color of scarlet red.

"In weddings the celebration is huge and elaborate. The mothers of the daughters parade the furniture of the daughter through the streets so that people will see how much she got. People celebrated for days and days.

"The fifth of May is an important day in the Chinese calendar. It is the Festival of the Dragons. On that day it is customary to have dragon boat races. The men of the town row the boats and people line the shore to witness the spectacle. The different families give cakes and cookies and fancy foods back and forth. In the night everybody feasts and make merry.

"The fifteenth of August is another important holiday in China. It is the festival of the Moon. On that night every person goes up to the roof, providing of course whether the houses have a roof or not. There on a little table will be set food such as rice, wine, candles, good luck papers and chopsticks and the people wait until the moon is right over their head until they say a prayer. After the prayer the cookies and cakes are cut and eaten right up there on the roof.

"It is a beautiful sight to go up on the roof on this holiday and watch the lanterns swaying on the roof tops. Every housetop has many lanterns and people play mah jong up on the roof that evening by the light of the moon and the lanterns. The moon that day is supposed to be the brightest in the whole year. According to an old legend the people believed that there is a woman up in the moon and during an eclipse the old men and women of the village said that the woman in the moon is eating the moon and digesting it. Many people still think that an eclipse is caused by the lady in the moon.

"The tenth of October is another important day. It is China Independence day. It is a day for fireworks, parade, noise, excitement, celebration. Schools closed on that day and the students marched around the city. Meanwhile fire-crackers boomed all through the day and in the end people end up in feasting like every other holiday.

"The days sped by very quick and soon the year [is] almost through. My husband had to ^{leave} [come back] within a year or he could not ^{return at all} [come no more]. Why? Because Uncle Sam say so.

"So we came back and life seems to loose much of its color and excitement. We arrived in California somewhere during the Christmas holidays and I was actually surprised by the quiet way in which the holiday is celebrated. After the noise and excitement of Chinese life I came to realize how much I would have missed if I did not take the trip back.

"People have asked me whether I liked to live in California or China. It is a rather difficult to decide off-hand. But if I had to choose I would say that I would rather live in China providing that I do not have to live in the little villages. The cities are just like the cities over here in America. True, they are not so modern as the cities of America but they are much better than the villages.

"Since coming back to California I missed the color of the celebration of the holidays. The Chinese people celebrate the holidays over here, but the difference in the manner of celebrating is so vast that it does not seem like a holiday at all.

"I do not have to worry about making a living in China. I once had an offer from a small school demanding my services as an English teacher. I did not take the job because I fear that I do not know enough of the Chinese language to translate the English into understandable Chinese. At the present time I am studying the language in order to be more exact if another opportunity like that ever comes up again.

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"I am anxiously waiting for the day in which I could return and experience the same fun and thrills that I have been through."

It was hard to imagine that one short year in China would bring forth such enthusiasm in a person. It seems to me that the young lady has been through a lot. I do not blame her for wanting to return and enjoy the same fun and gayety that she is so anxiously looking forward to.

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The following story of a young woman, who has been to China for almost a year, may not be exactly a story of her life. It is a series of incidents that she has been through and because they reflect the lives of the Chinese as a whole and her life, I have taken the opportunity to put them down on paper.

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We know according to a rather famous book that "Life Begins at Forty." For those who believe in immortality, life begins at death. A newer and more happy life. Peaceful.

But to satisfy everyone we will say that life begins at every age and everywhere.

Here we have an old man. We called him old because he is sixty years of age. But he is as alive and as full of pep as ever. Years had only added to his enjoyment of life. Happiness.

He had been in America for years and years. A few years after his marriage in China he came over to America with his wife. ~~and children.~~

And since coming over he had been working in the dry goods business. As a clerk.

It seemed as though that whenever we write a story about anyone who was born in China, we have to mention the word gambler. He was a gambler when a young man. But afterwards he came to his senses that such things were not intended for him. He had five brothers and one sister. And he had been to two years of school in China. He had to quit because of the advice of his father. His father told him that there was not enough money to carry him through at school any longer.

His father worked many years in China as a farmer. And the boy remembered when he was not so big that he was called up early in the morning to help the ~~man~~ farmers pick the rice.

And he remembered how he got up at five o'clock in the morning to catch crabs to feed to the animals.

This man was the oldest son and child in the family. His brother who was the second son was always sick. And he could not

do any sort of hard labor work. The first son in his spare time taught the brother how to weave cloth. And he taught the brother what he managed to learn in his two spare ~~years~~ of school.

The young man wanted to get ahead in the business world. He did not want to become a farmer like his father. He looked for a job in the town. But no one was willing to take the chance with him. Everybody knew that he was a famous gambling man. It was then that he change over and became "reformed."

Now he knew a friend who was going to another city to work. This friend was one of his best friends. And the friend decided to take the young man along to see if somehow he could help him. At that time the young man was about nineteen years of age.

The first year that he worked at that store he did not get any wages. His room and board were provided to him though. The second year he got paid.

One of the most pleasant things that he did was to go around to the different houses and delivered goods. Here in this manner he met many new and friendly people.

He was getting ahead in his works. And one day the boss asked him if he could count and add. He said that he did not ~~know~~ very much, just a little. So the boss taught him to add and subtract on the Chinese counting board.

Although the boy had been in only two years of school, he managed to learn quite a lot. At home and at the store in his spare time he review ^{ed} books and magazines and articles of importance.

Because of his determination to learn more and his inquisitiveness he learned a great deal which he otherwise would miss.

And today he could read and write Chinese. Considering the

fact that he had little education, this was a great accomplishment. Of course, the young man was very ambitious. And he was always trying to get ahead. And he did.

About twenty-three years of age he came to America. And what did you suppose he did. He sewed clothes for a living.

The first few months that he landed here he did not get any work to do. And he did not know how to sew clothes. The company allowed him three months to learn how to do it. During those three months he did not receive any wages, but he learned many things which were invaluable to him.

At night he went to a little missionary church to learn English. That was how he learned the language. Soon he made clothes and he took it around to the different people to see if they would buy them. For a few years he worked at the store. Then he and a group of men started a store of their own. It, too, was a clothes store. And it was a huge and enormous success from the very beginning.

But soon he was forced to into a "tong." Because if he did not, then the other people who was jealous could put him out of business. So he joined one. In spite of that, many people were jealous of the success of the store.

In those days San Francisco was a dark alley with secret underways and Chinatown was a rather 'spooky place with hatchet men loitering behind dark buildings ready to scalp the unfortunate ones whom they were waiting for.

There happened to be a certain tong war raving in the city at that certain time. One of the hatchet man was looking for a certain man. Now it happened that the man they were looking for resembled this man very much. And to add greatly to the tragedy of the

whole thing the man they were looking for bore the same surname as this man. It seemed to be another one of those mistaken identity drama which we see so much in the movies.

Only this happened in real life.

Because everything was so "hot" as the Americans called it, the man left town until the whole matter calmed down.

After everything had quieted down, he came back rather secretly. It had been said that during troublesome times like that, many innocent persons had been killed because of mistaken identity. This man was fortunate. He escaped. Although he was not mixed up in any of the affairs, he had to leave town or else..

After that terrific scare, someone offered to buy the store. So the partners got together and held a meeting. They decided to sell. They sold.

At this time the young man had saved up some money. His mother wrote him many letters telling him to go back and get married. So the young man went back to get a bride. Of course, in those days the mother had to approve of the girl before she would allow her son to marry.

There were two girls who were eligible to become the wife of this man. One was rather homely, and not too beautiful. The other was very young compared to the man's age. She was very well educated.

Now it happened that the young girl did not like the man because he was too old. And the young man's mother did not like the young girl because she thought that the young girl was a little too well educated for the husband. The mother said that the other girl could be more loyal even though she was a little homely.

Now it was up to the boy to decide which was to be his mate. Soon it was decided that the homely one was to be the one. ^{after} ~~After~~ a lot of exchanging of gifts and cakes and a thousand little so called important things the young lady was engaged to the man.

The dowry was to be settled and after everything was settled ^{were} the man and woman ~~was~~-married. And as most married Chinese couples did, they came to California.

And the next thing the mother ^{new} ~~was~~ that she was buying diapers for the expectant child. It was a boy. In later years there followed in succession two more boys.

Not a single "thousand dollar gold" in the whole load.

After the birth of the third child, the mother was not very strong. That was her last child.

Almost the latter half of this man's present life was spent in the position as a clerk. He had been selling things to people. Also whenever the store wanted the window arranged, he was the one to be called to do it. It was a very easy thing for him to display a window. The Chinese does not care whether a window is artistically arranged or not. As long as it is neatly arranged, then it is called a good job. Artistic taste and color combination has nothing to do with it.

Now the two smaller sons grew up and they looked so much alike that they could be mistaken for twins. They were of the same height and color. The features were identical. But then they began to grow up and one became fat. The other became slim. A sort of Laurel and Hardy affair, it seems.

The oldest grew up and he gave his father no amount of trouble. He was always fighting in school. He was always in trouble.

There was a certain girl which he was quite interested in. In his spare time he phoned up to her and made fun of her. The girl's father did not like it. And there was trouble until the boy's father took matter in his hands.

This man is sixty years of age. He wears glasses. He look stern and calm. But he really is a talkative and rather pleasant fellow to know. The wife is very economical. Always moving to a place with cheaper rent.

Now they are settled in a quiet street in a little house, but very comfortable. The man is still working as a clerk in a clothes store.

And the wife do whatever she can do. But she usually stayed home and cleaned the house and cooked the meals. The oldest son worked for a woman for fifty cents an hour. He worked after school. So he had no time to go to Chinese school.

During vacation he sold papers on the streets corners.

You can't beat those Chinaman of the olden days. No matter what they may be they always went back to get married. And sometimes the marriage ceremonies would take away all of their fortune which they had so carefully saved up for many years. So after they were married, they usually were just as rich as when they first started to work.

This man was one of those who belonged in this certain class. He saved up a great deal of his money. After the dowry and the cost of the ceremony, he was just that much poorer. Many people if they could not put on a huge and elaborate affair would rather not be married. And if they did not put on a great affair then tongues will be wagging and saying and criticizing. (The typical Chinese atmos-

phere)

The man spent but little of his time in China since he married.

So we think that America is the Niagara Falls to the Chinese married couple as the Falls, or rather, as Reno is to many married couples. (catch on?)

Now the father wanted to son to become a good and honest young man. The boy is not really bad, but restless. He could not stay home and read. He wished to go out to play, to run. He needed an outlet for his abundance of energy.

The father does not believe in strict cranky discipline. But he believes in good common sense. When he thinks that the boy did anything wrong, he does not hesitate to criticize. Otherwise the boy have much liberty.

Once the boy had a fight with a school teacher. And he drew out a knife and the teacher almost fainted from fright. Once he stabbed a Filipino boy on the shoulder and was put into the detention home for a few weeks. When he came out he was completely changed.

There were times when the the expenses of the family were too great and there was not enough money. The mother went out to work and she locked the two little boys in their room until the big brother came back from school and looked after them.

And surprisingly they never got into any serious trouble. At that time they were quite small, too.

But today the oldest son is really not the boy of the early days. His only regret was that he could not go to the Chinese school to study.

Sixty years of life this man had seen.

Many more years he will see.

I often stared at other old men who were about to fall to pieces and break down at any moment. They were bent and crooked by the years of life they[^] been through. Some were liked the living dead, so tired and weary they looked.

But this man is not. He is strong and straight. Although his eyesight had been bothering him for sometime. He couldn't even remembered the last time that he fell sick.

He said that anyone who take care of himself could not possibly fall sick.

As a boy he saw his father do hard land labor. He too helped a little in it. It seems as though we have to mention the word, farmer, whenever we write a story about some Chinese men. But in the olden days the majority of the Chinese people were poor land folks.

This man like many others had drifted away from the land and is now peacefully settled in the city.

To him, life begins at sixty.

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In chemistry there is a law of gravity. In modern art there is a law of unequal balance. In all countries there are law breakers. In everything there is a law of average.

According to the law of average, quintuplets should occur at the interval of so many thousandth year in this bewildered world. Despite the fact that we think law has nothing to do with it.

So to do justice to the law of average, it is about time that our story of a boy or a young man should pop up again. And it does.

Perhaps stories of younger persons are not as interesting or varied as those of older persons, but since variety is the spice of life, we have to write about men, women, boys, and girls.

And so for the moment we will concentrate on the story of this boy.

Last year not so long ago he was hurt in an automobile accident.

I first met this boy through my brother. He seemed to be a sort of a street boy without any worry or home. He was alone. At that time my brother was going to same school that he was going to. And they became great friends. At lunch time he came home with my brother. That was when I first knew him. He is a sort of a fellow, but five feet four inches. His age is nineteen. He came to America in 1928.

When I first knew him, he did not talk to me very much, but as time went on, we began to know each other better.

And now he had decided to tell me the story of his life.

Of course, a boy of nineteen could not have been through any interesting phase of life. But nevertheless, the story he told is not so terribly boring.

It must be getting monotonous by now to tell about someone who was a bad boy and a gambler. We had talked so much about it. But because there is so much similiarity in the lives of so many people we could not avoid it.

This boy was left by the stork in a little village in China. His mother and father were glad when he was born. This was their son. The other two were girls.

And the boy grew up in the enclosure of the tiny village. When he was of age the parents sent him to school. He was very irregular in his school work. He played games instead of going to school. He caused his parents no amount of trouble.

In China he never worked. He spent his time in playing and cutting school.

Now the parents decided to send the boy over here to the aunt and uncle who were living in San Francisco at the time. They thought that the boy could be changed over here and become a good honest young man.

Not so long ago we wrote a story about a young man who was sent over here for an indential reason. Both were sent over because of their behavior.

The boy was about fourteen when he landed in this country. He then lived with the aunt in the city of San Francisco. He went to a school called Washington School while he was over there. He cut school and he played hookey and he put the aunt in a turmoil. She did not know what to do with him.

The boy said, "It seems strange now, but when I think back, it is rather funny. I mean my cutting school. There was a group of boys who were of my same type. None of us wanted to study.

"Often all of us would go down to the ~~the~~ wholesale store near the ferry building and steal potatoes and fruits. We had done it many times and we were rarely caught. On those days too we would go down near the bay and fish. We fished the whole day long.

"The school then sent police and men to my aunt's house to inquire why I was not at school at that time. And when I went home in the evening I always said to my aunt that I was busy with something else.

"One day the group of us were catching fish as usual. A policeman saw us and the whole group of us were put in the detention home. I stayed there overnight. The next morning my aunt came and bail me out. After that my aunt sent me over to Oakland. It was about 1930 that I came over here. I worked at the Oakland Broom Company.

"I worked there for a year and a half. Then there was a fire and I left that place. At that time I was not going to school. Then through a teacher I got a school job. I went to school then. After school, I worked for this American woman. She paid me eight dollars a month. I slept at her house and I ate there too.

"I worked for the woman for almost two years. She said I was the finest worker she had ever hired. After I finished with my work I always came down to Chinatown to finish my homework with some of my friends. Sometimes I stayed overnight at my friend's house.

"The place where I worked was very far from Chinatown. And to come here and then go back again costed too much car fare. So I remained at my friend's house for the night.

"My work was not very hard. I had to scrub the floors. Wash the pots and pans and clean the house. Sometimes I had to work in the garden with the gardener. I cut the grass and killed the weeds.

"All the time that I was going to school, I did not like it. I slept in the school rooms and never did my work well. I was in the special oriental class. The work was not hard, but I was not interested in it. All this time the money I earned I keep for my own spending. I did not let my aunt know where I was or what I was doing. She never had liked me anyway.

"Then I began to make many friends in Chinatown. I met the parents of many of my friends. While I was in Oakland, I was all alone, as there were not a relative that I knew who lived here.

"Now traveling back and forth from where I worked to Oakland required a lot of car fare. I decided to buy a bicycle. I had not the money. The mother of one of my boy friends decided to lend me the money. And each month I had to pay her back little by little."

But before he had the opportunity to really enjoy the bicycle, something happened to him.

One day while taking one of his customary trips around the lake he was knocked unconscious by an automobile. He was immediately taken to the Highland Hospital for emergency treatment. The hospital attendants expected him to die. He got a terrible cut on his face and a part of his head was cracked open. The first few days he was in a delirious mood. They operated on him. Two of his teeth were knocked out. We went to him and the doctor told us that the boy will probably die as the chances of getting well were very slight.

It came as a complete surprise to the doctors that the boy ever recovered. Most of the doctors expected him to die. The boy probably retaliated and got well. Of course, the doctors would not operate on him unless he had the signature of the father and the mother. And both of them were in China. The nearest relative is

the aunt. But she would not sign. Even in the moments of death the aunt showed no sign of affection. The doctor finally operated on the boy on their own decision. It was the only thing that they could do. The boy got well very quick. He was out of the hospital in a few weeks. When he came out he was very thin. He lost about ten pounds. But in a few weeks he was as strong as ever. He did not seem to suffer any ill effects.

Perhaps the most important thing that saved him from death was his marvelous health. He was rarely sick in his life. He eats strange combinations of food and yet does not get sick.

The bicycle, strangely enough, was not damaged much in the accident. One of the fenders was bent. Otherwise the bicycle was in good condition. Now after the accident the boy did not have any more courage to ride the bicycle. He sold it for fourteen dollars. The original price was twenty-three dollars. He gave the money back to the woman who loaned it to him. After his recovery from the accident, he left his job and came to live the woman who loaned him the money to buy the bicycle. He helped her with the housework and he worked in his time at the woman's store.

Now this boy does not go to school anymore. He says it is just a waste of time to him., So he quitted school and started to work.

He is a very gay and carefree fellow. He rarely sleeps early. Sleeps late at night and wakes up early in the morning. Yet he never complains about fatigue. Just loves to roll dices. He smokes cigars and cigarettes just like a man. Always joking and laughing. Very lazy in school work. Does not like to go to school or read books. Hates motion picture shows. Loves to play cards and other games.

Eats a lot of ice cream. Drinks soda water by the bottle full. Loves to talk and talk and talk. The only time that he does not talk is when he had so much food in his mouth that it is impossible for him to open his mouth. He never writes any letters back home to his folks. Neither does he receive any letters from them. Each seems to have forgotten the other's existence.

The aunt in San Francisco had forgotten him completely. The uncle comes over once in awhile to inquire about him.

Now when the boy was in the hospital he did not have to pay a single cent for his treatment. It was a public hospital. The doctor said that if he had hired a private physician, it would cost him many hundreds of dollars.

What is his parents doing in China, he does not know. Do they care? He does not know. What are his plans of the future. He does not know. Meanwhile he will just go on hoping that everything would come out just ducky.

He never saved his money. The moment that he had some money he will come down to Chinatown-that was before he moved down here to live. And he will rolled dices with the Filipino boys until he lost all of his money. He does not care whether he had any money or not.

He does not have to send any money back to his parents in China like most other Chinese. He does not worry about his father and mother at all. Rather unusual, we think. He had been here for over five years and he had never received a word from his parents. They either forgot about him or else they don't care or give a hoot.

He seems to be a sort of strange person. Rather alone and at the same time not so. He makes friends very easily and naturally.

Here we have a boy, sent over to this country when quite young. He had been over here for more than five years. And what had happened? Did he change over as his mother hoped he would? Or is he still the same?

In China he was a gay and carefree boy. In America he is a gay and carefree boy. In China he did not study. In America he did not study. He is essentially the same boy now as before. Now since he had not heard from his father and mother for so long, he seemed to have forgotten that ~~they~~^{they} existed in this world. Where they are or what they are doing today he does not know at all. He does not care.

Nineteen is not such a young age. He is a man now. And perhaps someday he will find out that the time he wasted now will not be obtainable again. Or perhaps he will forget his parents entirely, completely.

But today is today. He does not care what the morrow may bring. Good or bad, he is ready to face it. For the last few years of his life, he had been like a vagabond, going from one thing to another. From one place to another. Without any worries or cares. This is the kind of life he had been used to. This is the kind of life he likes. So he is living this kind of life today.

Perhaps this is not the best piece of work we have done, but to borrow some of Abraham Lincoln's philosophy we will say:

We can write good stories some of the time; we can write ~~good~~^{some} stories all of the time; we can write ~~all~~^{some} stories well some of the time; but we can not write all stories well all of time.

And this is the one time in which the latter phrase holds true.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem.

2. In the second part, we shall consider the case of a homogeneous medium, and shall show that the solution of the problem is unique.

3. In the third part, we shall consider the case of an inhomogeneous medium, and shall show that the solution of the problem is not unique.

4. Finally, in the fourth part, we shall consider the case of a medium with a boundary, and shall show that the solution of the problem is unique.

5. The results of the paper are summarized in the following table:

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A Young Vagabond
(former title-Just a Boy)

To him, tomorrow is just another day, a moment of breathing ^{all} and living, and then like [^] days that have gone by, it too will be gone, and thus another day ^{will have} ~~has~~ slipped into the oblivion of time. He has no care nor thought of the future. He is living for the present, and whatever had happened in the past or will happen in the future has no place in his attitude of living. Today is today, what cares he of what tomorrow may bring? Success, failure? He is ready to face them as he already had for so long a time. This is the way he has lived, the life he has been used to, the kind of living he likes. So today he goes from one place to another, without any worries of what will happen to him. Like a young vagabond he is, gay carefree, irresponsible, thoughtless.

My first meeting with him came with a casual introduction when my brother presented me to him. At that time he was attending the same school where my brother went to, and he became a close friend. Sometimes he came home with my brother and had lunch with us. And as I became better acquainted with him, I was able to know him with a more intimate knowledge. I was able to know different aspects of his life, his way of living, his extravagant spending of money, and his complete lack of care about security of home and money. I remember once when we were having dinner together, and we were talking about the folks in China. He said then, "If my parents look to me for support, they will starve to death. I give no care to

them at all. The last time that I have sent money back to them was during the New Year four years ago. Since then, I have sent nothing back home." He said this without any bitterness or hatred of his parents, but in a very casual and common tone of voice, as if he ^{had} said, "Perhaps it might rain tomorrow."

And as I became still better acquainted with him, I found out that that was ^{the} his way he looked at life. He feels that he is not responsible to anyone, not even ^{to} his parents. Everything he makes is for himself and not for anyone else. Whatever he loses, he loses because of himself, and not for someone else. This explains his fond love of gambling, his reckless spending of money just for the fascination of it, and not because of necessity for doing so.

"I feel that a day is not complete without some sort of gambling," he explained. "Even if I do not win, I get a thrill just in the mere fun of losing. I can think of no better way to lose money and at the same time not regret it than in gambling. Somedays I go broke, but I do not regret it. Just as soon as I have enough money, I gamble again."

Money goes freely through his hands. And although he supports ^{himself} with the money he earns, he does not have a single cent save up, even though he makes more than he uses. But he has no regrets for his extravagances. "Money is for spending," he used to tell me. "What use is it to hide it away. I don't think I shall ever die of starvation. Whenever I need money, I can always get it."

Ever since he has been in America he has never once worried about money. .

That is to say from the time he was fourteen to now he had always taken care of himself. It was this independence of his part that finally separated him from his aunt with whom he used to live with.

He was but a younglad of fourteen when he landed in this country. He went to the Washington School to study, but as he recalls it now, most of his study was done out of the precinct of the school ground. Never was his heart really interested in acquiring an education, and constantly as he sat in the enclosure of the schoolroom, his mind wandered off into distant dreaming, thinking of the life of freedom and abandon which his heart was set on. Eventually he began to cut school, first once a week, then twice, and there were times when he was missing school for an entire week. There was a group of boys at the school who encouraged him to continue with his absence from the schoolroom, and soon he found himself a leader of these boys, the one who planned what to do and when to do it.

Often the whole group would go down to the storehouses near the ferry and steal fruits and vegetables in great quantities. Or if they tired of that, the boys would go fishing on the bay. This sort of life was just what the boy wanted, and he had his good time in reckless stealing, and in the long hours of fishing near the edge of the bay. But this life of ease soon came to an end when the aunt discovered what the boy did. She did her best to put the boy on the right path, but all to no avail. The more she talked to him, the more he disobeyed. Knowing that further talk was of no

use, she finally gave up. Bitter arguments flew back and forth between them, and at times when the boy became intensely mad, he would say to the aunt, "After all, you are not my mother!"

Then as the boy continued to spurn her advice, the aunt left the boy alone. "Whatever you do now, I am not responsible for it," she told him one day.

Although she no longer gave her advice to the boy, she still had him living in her house. However, that soon came to an end, and the boy had to go to work.

One day as he and the group boys were fishing in the bay, a policeman came upon them. Everyone was caught and taken to the detention home. The boy stayed there overnight, and was freed the next morning by his aunt.

"There is no more use for you to waste your time in school," she said to him. "Better that you go find a job and make use of yourself." In an angry mood the boy stormed out of the house, determined that he was never going back to live with his aunt.

He got his first job in a broom factory. When the factory burned down, he was unemployed. He found employment again when through the aid of a school teacher, he was hired for an after school job. His wages were eight dollars a month, room and board included. At this time he went back to school again, joining a special class which was only for orientals who did not ^{spea}~~spea~~ English very well. During the two years that he was employed in his school job, he worked hard, and he went to school regularly. Since he had left his aunt and had come over to Oakland to work and live, he was separated

from the bad influence of the group of boys he used to go with. He was a little surprised at himself to discover that he went to school regularly, that he slept at regular hours, and that his heart was no more yearning for a reckless and unstable way of living. In fact he did his work so well that his employer praised his work.

Since the boy was employed at a residence far away from Chinatown, he came down there often, and many times he stayed overnight at the house of some of his friends.

His job was not a hard one. He was a houseboy. He scrubbed floors, washed the pots and pans, and cared for the house in general. There were times when he had the opportunity to aid the gardener with his work. He cut the grass, killed the weeds, and helped in the planting of bulbs and seeds.

If he had continued with this way of living, perhaps today he will not be a wandering vagabond who roams the street of Chinatown. But his love of freedom came back to him after two years of steady work as a houseboy. More and more he came down to Chinatown until he began to neglect his work. At first the employer said nothing to him. Then when the boy began to take advantages because of the generosity of the employer, the woman finally called his attention to his neglect of the house. The boy knew that he was in the wrong, but he refused to admit it.

Just when the woman was about to fire him from his job, something happened to the boy that made it unnecessary for her to tell him.

The boy had bought a bicycle which he used to travel back and forth from Chinatown to his place of employment.

One night while he was returning to his place of employment he got caught in the middle of a traffic jam. Out from nowhere an automobile rushed toward him. When he regained consciousness he saw the white hospital walls around him. He was hurt so badly that the doctors expected him to die. His face was cut with a deep gash, and his head had a serious wound. The first few days in the hospital were like a haunting dream. He was delirious. Sometimes in the night he moaned and uttered strange sounds which frightened the roommates nearby.

It was a complete surprise to the doctors that he got well. When he came out of the hospital, he was very gaunt, for he had lost ten pounds of good healthy flesh. But he quickly regained everything he lost, and in a few weeks, he was back to his normal self.

He sold his bicycle for fourteen dollars, for he no longer had any courage to ride it anymore.

A change came over him after he recovered from his accident. He left his place of employment. He left school. He went to live in the house of the woman who loaned him money to buy his bicycle. She had a little grocery store, and he helped her deliver goods to the customers.

However his heart was not on his work. When the money came to him on payday, he would start directly for the gambling houses, and in a few short hours, he would either lose everything, or perhaps when he was lucky, he would win. Whenever he lost, he would continue to play, striving to win back what he lost. Whenever he won, he would play on, trying to win still more.

I have played poker with him many times, and I have seen him missed lunch, dinner, to play a poker game. I have seen him go on for weeks at a time with but three or four hours of sleep ~~each~~ each night, and yet he seems not to suffer any ill effects.

He has a very bad habit of staying up till all hours of dawn. Once when someone said to him, "This terrific pace of living will kill you someday," he answered laughingly, "I have been living like this for so long. And I have suffered no ill effects." And ~~he~~ he dismissed the advice as ridiculous.

And today he goes on in a carefree and unworried manner. Goes to bed late, wakes up early, and yet never complains about fatigue. Enjoys all varieties of gambling, mah jong, poker, dice, nickel machine, dominoes, blackjack. He rather loses his money in gambling just for the fun of it than to send it back to his parents who really need it. He says that he never intends to be married. "There is too much good fun for the single person," he said. "I cannot picture myself as one who will have a family to ~~support~~ support."

The strangest thing about him is that he gives not a single thought to his parents. Ever since he came to America, he had never once written a letter back to them. Neither does he receive any letters from them, for his parents know that he will not answer them anyway.

He does not know what his parents are doing now. He has no plans for the future. All he hopes for is that everything will turn out for the best.

He makes friends very easily and quickly, for he is one

who makes himself familiar to strangers.

Five years he has been here already, and during this short period of time, what has happened to him.

In China he was a gay and carefree boy, and in America he is still the same. In China he did not study, and in America he did not study. He has forgotten that his parents exist in the world, since he has been separated from them. Where they are, or what they are doing, he does not know, and does not care.

And today he goes on with his untroubled way of living. What the future holds for him is questionable, but he is sure that whatever it is, he is ready to face it and conquer it. Meanwhile, like a vagabond, he wanders everywhere, content to let tomorrow take care of itself.

XXXI

8-10

"Women are poison. Just gold diggers, all of them." This is the opinion of this young man. Whenever he talked about women that was precisely what he said. All of this sudden hating was brought about because of his unhappy relationship with a young lady.

It happened about four and a half years ago.

At that time he was about twenty-six years of age. He was working as a chauffeur at the house of a rich lady. Very rich.

All he had to do was to drive the lady of the house to wherever she wished and to drive her home whenever she wished. He was working for about a year and half for this lady before he met the young girl with whom he fell in love.

Before he met this girl he spent his spare time reading at home and going to the picture shows. But when he met this girl he spent his time, all of his time, at the girl's house whenever possible.

At that time the girl was in her last year of high school. At night she went to the house next door to study. The young man would wait at the girl's house until she came back. He was in love.

Often in his spare time he took the woman's car and took the young girl on automobiles rides. The girl's small brother went along too and so they took a ride.

His acquaintance with this girl lasted for many months. The parents were aware all of the time that the young man was very interested in their daughter.

The parents approved of him because he seemed to be a nice sort of a man. He was healthy and he did not gamble nor did he smoke very much. So the ^{parents} ~~parents~~ let their daughter continue her acquaintance with the nice young man.

On Saturdays he took her and her little sisters to the picture shows. And on Holidays he drove the mother and the father over to the city to see the stage shows. Soon it was apparent to everyone that the young man's interest in the girl was more than a casual friendship. He wished to marry her. He did not speak of it to the girl or to the parents because he was not sure whether the girl loved him or not. But the parents and the girl knew that it would come sooner or later.

On a certain Christmas he gave the girl a jade heart connected with a heavy solid gold chain which was guaranteed not to turn green. The girl knew then and there that he wished to marry her. The girl liked him a lot. So did the parents.

On days when he was not busy he talked to the girl on the phone for an hour or two.

Soon he was interested in the girl that he could not bear to be separated from her. He left his job as a chauffeur and went to work in Chinatown so he could be close to the girl. Every single night he went to visit her and stayed till about midnight.

Ah, here the downfall of our hero began to fall. He became an enthusiastic gambler of the first degree. Late in the night he gambled into the morning. His eyes became swollen and red. He was losing weight and vitality.

He lost interest in the girl. The girl was bewildered and did not understand the sudden coldness of her beau. It couldn't be the weather because it was spring and there was romance in the air.

The young man continued with wasteful life for many months. Now it happened that he was living in Chinatown with another woman. An old woman. This woman was a very close friend of the girl's

mother. This old woman noticed the time that the man came home at night and she noticed his habits and she told the mother that he was not fitted to become the husband of the daughter.

So the girl and the boy had a little talk and the young man became mad. He said that he would cause a scandal that will shock the town. The girl said that she will give him another chance if he will not squander his time away.

For a moment it seemed as if the two lovebirds could be reconciled, but the man continued with his waste of time. And then the parents and the daughter knew definitely that the man would never change. The man was not formally engaged to the young lady. So the parents told him not to see the young lady anymore. Because of this the man began to gamble more and more. Soon he was like a ghost because he was so thin.

He did not see the girl for a week or two. But once in awhile he tried to talk to her on the streets. And he made her gave him back the jade heart which he gave to her on a certain Christmas day. That little act meant that he was formally washed up with her.

The girl said that just because she gave the heart back to her does not mean that she did it herself and that he asked her for it.

That romance of his vanished away like a soap bubble. And since then he was no longer interested in anyone who boasted the sex of Eve.

The man told this story because of the fact that I told him that we do not have to mention any names. He said, "If that's the case, then you can write about it."

So we wrote it.

Another reason why he moved out to Oakland was because of the fact that the persons whom he worked for lost a large amount of money on Wall Street. Stocks. And because of that and his love for the girl he moved out to Oakland.

Now today he is no longer interested in girls. He is content to remain just what he is. He is no longer interested in girls.

This is just an important incident in his life.

Now to tell about the early life of this young man.

It was in China that he first saw the light of day. He got a brother over here in America who was working in the vegetable business. He had been working at it for a long time. His brother was older than him by four years. And his mother is living in China today. The father is dead. Died four years ago. In China.

He was born in a village. After a few years of studying he came over to this country about sixteen or seventeen. He went to school to learn the English language. Of course, he did not go to the junior or senior high school. He was interested only if he could learn enough to hold him through a business career.

After getting out of school, he worked. When he was about nineteen or twenty he went into a ranch in the country to work. He learned how to drive a truck. He gave it up though. And then he became a translator for a certain Chinese doctor. He worked at that for quite a few years. All of this time he was saving up his money. When he came out to Oakland to work, he helped his brother drive the truck. And every morning he got up early and worked till about six o'clock. Then he got his job as a chauffeur for the rich Berkeley woman. He got about one hundred and fifty dollars a month. And besides his room and food ^{were} ~~was~~ provided to

him. It was not such a bad job, everything considered. Now the people with whom he was working for were stock holders. They were put into the rich class because they believed in stocks. At this time the young man had about one thousand dollars saved up in the bank. Now those American people were always urging him to buy stocks. First the young man was very cautious and he paid no heed to their talk. But finally he was influenced by these people and they recommended a certain company that sold stocks. The young man bought some. Wisely he did not spend his entire amount in the stocks.

Then came the crash. Both the man and the people who employed him suffered. Fortunes were wiped away. The man was discharged from his work and then he came to Chinatown.

It was here that he met a young girl whom he had to give up later. After his separation from her he was interested in a woman. It was only after his relationship with this woman that he definitely gave up women for good.

After his separation from the young girl he was in a rather and gloomy appearance. In mood. He did not care what happened to him.

He then met this gold digging woman.

We sometimes think that perhaps we had been a little too frank in our articles. Perhaps we had talked too much and too freely. At other times we have a guilty suspicion that we had not told enough. Perhaps we ought to tell more. However, our aim is to tell things as they are and not modify it in anyway whatsoever.

This is an age of freedom. An age of knowledge. An age of education. Little by little we are drifting away from the superstitions of the older days. We are beginning to glimpse the light of a new era.

The grandmothers of the olden days fainted because they happened to glimpse a man exposing his bare chest. Or perhaps it was the tight corsets.

Today we have no time to hide behind false modesty. We must face facts no matter how unpleasant they may be. It is only this way that we can understand things intelligently.

Subjects which were once tabooed as unclean and vulgar are now discussed with the greatest of nonchalance. We are all familiar by now that life is not one pleasant journey to the grave. We know that underneath the veneer which we called society there lurks vice, horror, tragedy, and heart aches.

We know that society scorns upon crime, disorganization, lust and unpleasant subjects. But these rolled on through the ages because they are human nature itself.

We will tell a little episode about the life of this man. It is not told by the man himself, but by a person which we will not define as who.

Since we are not mentioning any names it seems perfectly harmless if we tell about this episode. Our only hope is that this article would not get into the hands of anyone who knows this man.

The man was discouraged because he lost the young girl. He took up drinking. He became a drunk. His brother tried everything in his power to set the man right again. He failed.

As fate would have it, he met a gold digger. She was said to have belong to many man before. But now she was setting a trap for another. And this man was the goat. The victim.

Those women had a way of their own. Soon she had the man around her fingers. Meaning she had absolute control over him. She saw the man once a week. And the man had to pay her a certain amount of money every month. Forty Dollars.

This had been going on for almost two years. The man is a wreck. Another one of the many who fell because of women.

Foolish.

Now this woman was but twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. She had jewels and money from the man. Often she went to San Francisco and stayed there for one whole week. She came back once a week to the man. And every month she collected. Every cent. And the man, fool that he is, paid it, too.

Every night she gathered with a group of friends and played mah jong. They played till one or two o'clock in the early dawn.

The man could not do anything about it. He is not married to the lady.

The woman is carefree. A sort of a gay divorcee.

The man is drunk. A sort of polooka.

Together they are an odd couple. Separated each is still odd.

Now this woman had collected a great deal of diamonds and jewelry from her former beaux. And whenever she needed money all she had to do was to take any of the jewels she was tired of and sell it.

Soon she got tired of this man.

Then they began to quarrel. For a whole month the woman did not see the man. Then the man tried everything in his power to make the ^{woman} ~~man~~ come back. She finally came back to him.

About a year ago the woman left for China. She sold all of her jewels and property and took all of the money with her back to China. She is not coming back anymore.

In China she went around from one man to another. She is a fast worker. She got jewels from them. She got money from them. She had been married many times, but not legally divorced. Once it was said that she almost started a tong war because she left a certain man for another man.

And the new Lothario had to pay over to the former man four hundred dollars before the other ^{would} let the woman go over to him. She was just like a piece of merchandise. She was sold from one to the other.

Today the man had learned his lesson. He avoided women. At last he had become wise to himself. Before it was too late. And he is trying his best to lead a good and wholesome life again.

He had stopped playing the part of a "sucker."

A Life's Story

2/1/48
I want this very badly.

Here at last is the story that we wish to write for a long time. A story of a person who had never set foot, nor hand neither, in America. A story told to us by a native of China. A simple story of an average person living an ordinary life.

And because the story is so simple we have to start with a village, the birthplace of this woman. The home of this woman.

A village is a vital part of the lives of the Chinese. It is there where most of them are born. It is the birthplace, the home, and often the grave for many. From a village the inhabitants wandered away, some to far away cities, others to foreign lands. But occasionally, there are some who spent their whole lives in the little villages. They heard about the glamour of the foreign lands, the richness and the business opportunities that are opened to those who wished them. But they had never had the privileges to see the actual facts themselves. Some of these old villagers had sons or daughters over here in America. Through the letters that the sons and daughters wrote home, the old folks were able to picture what America was like.

Today in a village in Canton, an old woman, who is now approaching eighty-nine years of age, is anxiously waiting for the day in which she could see the sons and daughters who had left her so long ago to come over to this land to work to return to their homeland. The old woman knew that at that age anything could happen. Death was just around the corner. She wanted to see all of her children before she passed away.

Almost seventy years ago, a woman married. She had thirteen children. Of that number three are in the United States today. One is dead. So there are twelve who are alive still. Everyone of the twelve children are married and all have children. And these children married and have children of their own.

Out of these twelve children seven are boys and five are girls. The youngest child today is a married woman of thirty-three. She had been in America since she married her husband eleven years ago. Today she has four children. One girl and three boys.

Her mother who is eighty-nine years old now wrote her many letters telling her to go back whenever possible. And the woman regretted the fact that she does not have enough money to go back. When she go back she wants to come back again. Just to go back to see her mother and then come back again seems to be a waste of time and money. She does not want to go back to live. And she does not want to take

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her children back to China either, because of the expenses. And her husband could not go because he will have to give up his job. He is afraid that if he comes back again, he will not be able to find another position.

It was five years ago that this woman made up her mind to go back. Always her plans never came to be carried out because of financial troubles. And as the years went by she said to herself that someday she will truly go back and see her aged mother. And now the realization is still in her mind and she does not know what to do. She does not even know when it would be possible for her to go back to her land to see her old mother.

The woman can not afford to take her family back and live there. Her husband may not be able to find a job. Besides at the present time conditions back there are not so good. If the woman had money she would go back alone and then come back here again. As it is she can not afford to do it. If she could, she would have gone back long ago.

And so for the present time the plans of the woman are forgotten in her worries.

The old woman in China today is almost blind. Many years ago her eyesight began to fail her, but it was only during the last year or so that the woman realized how serious her troubles were. And because of her failing eyesight and her old age, the old woman is worried that perhaps she would never have a chance to see her sons and daughters return. Almost every six months she would write a letter to her youngest daughter urging the daughter to go back and see her.

When the old woman was young, she married a young man who lived in a nearby village. The husband was quite well educated but not brilliant. And the result of this marriage was thirteen children. The man had thirteen children, but he does not like children. He did not show any affection toward them. As long as the children did not get in his way or bother him, then the man could be said as to be quite calm, but once let anyone of the children bothered him while he was working or occupied, that child could considered himself lucky if he isn't killed.

The third child, who is a boy, was almost killed because of the quick anger of the father. Today the third child is full-grown man almost sixty. He still remember that blow his father gave him with the old wooden pipe.

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When the children grew up, the father retired and let the children supported him. The sons set aside a certain amount of their money each month for the family's expenses.

But the second son soon came to America. For business opportunities of course. Because he liked America so much he urged his brother, who is smaller and younger, to come over here too.

He did. He married in America and all of his children are born in California.

The youngest child in the family (meaning the family with thirteen children) was greatly influenced by the letters that her brothers wrote home to her. She had a burning desire to see what America was like.

And her desire came true because of her marriage to an American-born Chinese. Her husband then brought her over to this country. That was almost fifteen years ago. Fifteen long years, it seemed to her. And now she had a great desire to go back to see her mother.

The old mother had spent almost her entire life in the little village. The only outside places that she had ever been to were a few neighborly places when she went to visit her friends.

She is satisfied to be a grandmother. Whenever anyone of her children had children she was unusually happy. Today she is the grandmother of countless children. She is also the great grandmother of a few children. And she is the mother of twelve children who are still alive today. And she considered herself as a proud mother, grandmother, great-grandmother. For who else could boast of such a record as her? So we do not blame her for being proud.

When she was a little girl, she had very little education but enough to read a little in the newspaper.

But what did she care about education. The most important to her was to be a wife and a mother.

The husband then built a house for the newly wedded wife. It was a two story wooden building, but to the wife it was a palace, a dream house.

She devoted her life to her children. She told them stories that were told to her by her mother. She taught them with the lessons the best she could. She took care of the children and saw to it that they developed into nice young men and ladies.

The husband was a farmer. His father owned many acres of land and when he died, he divided the land equally among the sons. The husband, who is the second son married, and

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he took the wife to live with him in his land. There he toiled year after year. And when his sons grew up they helped with the work too. Each year there were two important things. The summer crop and the fall crop. During the harvest time everyone in the family went out to help. And after the crop is gathered up and sold, the entire family settled down for a few months of rest. They did not have to work then and the money that they received for the crop was enough to last them for those few months.

Then one by one the sons and daughters got married. Some stayed in China. Others migrated to foreign lands.

But the old woman stayed in the little village day after day, year after year. Her husband died when he was sixty years of age. But the woman had many sons who provided her with foods and money. Meanwhile the number of sons and daughters who had children of their own began to increase its number. And the old woman was a proud grandmother.

This old woman had many grandsons in America. But so far only one had been back to see her. This boy is the son of the woman's second son.

He went back four years ago. The grandmother wrote many letters urging that she would like to see one of her grandsons. And this boy was one chosen to go back to see the grandmother.

He was twelve years old when his father sent him back. He stayed in China for four years and then he came back again.

The boy's story is as follow:

"When I went back, grandmother was completely blind. Whenever she wished to go anywhere I always had to lead her or someone else had to lead her. In spite of the fact that she was blind she could do many things. She could find her way around the house. She could light a candle and she went to her room without any help. It was only when she went out that someone had to lead her. I was the first grandson from America that had ever gone back to see her. Grandmother was very happy. When I arrived in the village where my grandmother lived. I was very surprised. It was so different from America. The streets were about three yards wide.

"The streets were filled with waste material and refuse that the villagers threw out. But soon I had to get used to it.

"Grandmother treated me very nice. Everyday she had a special dish cooked for me. And she gave me money to buy candies and cakes.

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"My uncle, who is the first son of my grandmother, was married. His wife died and he married another woman. That woman was always fighting with grandmother. She was always quarelling with grandmother. I remembered many times she made grandmother cried. I do not like that woman.

"Father used to send money back to grandmother and this woman opened her letters and kept the money herself. She did that for a long time before anyone found it out. But the husband of this woman was very nice. He was not like the wife. I wondered why he ever stayed married to her. That woman used to live with grandmother in the same house. But when I went back she and my uncle had to go to the old house and I lived in the new house with grandmother and the son of my uncle. The old house was just a block away from the new house.

"Uncle owned a store in the village. People came and buy goods from him on credit. Some people owed him money and never paid the bills. Since most of the people were close friends it was hard to tell them to pay. The store did not make much money.

"Grandmother spent most of her days resting out in the sun. Sometimes some old women came to visit her and they sat around the yard talking about business and America. The talked for hours like this.

"Village life is so different from city life. Everything is so leisurely done. There everyone seemed to be closer to nature. Everyone is a part of nature.

"When I came back to California, grandmother regretted to see me go. She told me to tell my father that she wished to see him go back. My father wanted to go back but could not for the same reasons that my aunt could not.

"I want to go back to China again. I never had a chance to really see the big cities. The next time I go, I would surely visit the cities for a more careful inspection."

Now the youngest child in the family of thirteen is called "lai goo." She is the aunt of this boy.

She had been in America ever since she married. Always she wished to go back but because of circumstances she had never been able to go beyond talking about the trip.

The years passed by quickly. The old mother was getting to be older and older. And the desire of the lai goo became acute. She is hoping that someday somehow she will have the opportunity to return to the village where she was born and see her mother.

She said, "You know how those old women are. If they want

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something they want it. I would like very much to go back. But it is next to impossible. My husband is settled here. My children are going to school. All these will be upset if the whole family is to go back. If I had the money I would go back for a trip but I could not afford it. I really do not know when I would be able to go."

The old woman in China is waiting, waiting. Many years ago she remebered saying goodbye to her sons and daughters who were leaving China to come to America. She had her eyesight then. As the boat sailed away the tears blinded her eyes. Now she is actually blind and even if the sons and daughters returned to the village, the old woman would not know what they look like. But she would know that her sons and daughter were near to her. She would be happy.

Will she ever live to see the day when her children shall go back and paid their respects to her? Time alone will tell. We think that anyone who had been a mother, a grandmother, and great-grandmother really deserved some happiness. Yes, she really does.



Jon
Lee A Life's Story

Here at last is the story that we wish to write for a long time. A story of a person who had never set foot, nor hand neither, in America. A story told to us by a native of China. A simple story of an average person living an ordinary life.

And because the story is a simple story we have to start with a village, the birthplace of this woman. The home of this woman.

A village is a vital part of the lives of the Chinese. It is there where most of them are born. It is the birthplace, the home, and often the grave for many. From a little village the inhabitants wandered away, some to far away cities, others to foreign lands. But occasionally, there are some who spent their whole lives in the little villages. They heard about the glamour of the foreign lands, the richness and the business opportunities that are opened to those who wished them. But they had never had the privileges to see the actual facts themselves. Some of these old villagers had sons or daughters over here in America. Through the letters that the sons and daughters wrote home, the old folks were able to picture what America was like.

Today in a village in Canton, an old woman, who is now approaching eighty-nine years ^{or} ~~old~~ age, is anxiously waiting for the day in which she could see the sons and daughters who had left her so long ago to come over to this land to work to return to their homeland. The old woman knew that at that age anything could happen. Death was just around the corner. She wanted too see all of her children before she passed away.

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Out of these twelve children seven are boys and five are girls. The youngest child today is a married woman of thirty-three. She had been in America since she married her husband eleven years ago. Today she has four children. One girl and three boys.

Her mother who is eighty-nine years old now wrote her many letters telling her to go back whenever possible. And the woman regretted the fact that she ~~does not~~ have enough money to go back. When she go back she wanted to come back again. Just to go back to see her mother and then come back again seems to be a waste of time and money. She does not want to go back to live. And she does not want to take her children back to China either, because of the expenses. And her husband could not go because he will have to give up his job. He is afraid that if he comes back again, he will not be able to find another position.

It was five years ago that this woman made up her mind to go back. Always her plans never came to be carried out because of financial troubles. And as the years went by she said to herself that someday she will truly go back and see her aged mother. And now the realization is still in her mind and she does not know what to do. She does not even know when it would be possible for her to go back to her land to see her old mother.

The woman can not afford to take her family back and live there. Her husband may not be able to find a good job. Besides at the present time conditions back there are not so good. If the woman had money she would ~~not care to~~ go back alone and then come

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When the old woman was young, she married a young man who lived in a nearby village. The husband was quite well educated but not brilliant. And the result of his marriage was thirteen children. The man had thirteen children, but he does not like children. He did not show any affection toward them. As long as the children did not get in his way or bother him, then the man could be said as to be quite calm, but once let anyone of the children bothered him while he was working or occupied, that child could considered himself lucky if he isn't kill^{ed}.

The third child, who is a boy, was almost kill^{ed} because of the quick anger of the father. Today the third child is ^afull-grown man almost sixty. He still remember that blow his father gave him with the old wooden pipe.

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When the children grew up, the father retired and let the children supported him. The sons set aside a certain amount of their money each month for the family's expenses.

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The youngest child in the family (meaning the family with thirteen children) was greatly influenced by the letters that her brothers wrote home to her. She had a burning desire to see what America was like.

And her desire came true because of her marriage to an American-born Chinese. Her husband then brought her over to this country. That was almost fifteen years ago. Fifteen long years, it seemed to her. And now she had a great desire to go back to see her mother.

The old mother had spent almost her entire life in the little village. The only outside places that she had ever been to ^{were} ~~is~~ a few neighborly places when she went to visit her friends.

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When she was a little girl, she had very little education but enough to read a little in the newspaper.

But what did she care about education. The most important to her was to be a wife and a mother.

The husband then built a house for the newly wedded wife. It was a two story wooden building, but to the wife it was a palace, a dream house.

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Her mother, who is eighty-nine years old now, wrote her many letters telling her to come back whenever possible. And the woman regretted the fact that she does not have enough money to go back. When she goes back she wants to come back again. Just to go back to see her mother and then come back again seems to be a waste of time and money. She does not want to go back to live. And she does not want to take her children back to China either, because of the expenses. And her husband could not go because he will have to give up his job. He is afraid that if he comes back again, he will not be able to find another position.

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This old woman had many grandsons in America. But so far only one had been back to see her. This boy is the son of the woman's second son.

He went back four years ago. The grandmother wrote many letters urging that she would like to see one of her grandsons. And this boy was one chosen to go back to see the grandmother.

He was twelve years old when his father sent him back. He stayed in China for four years and then he came back again.

The boy's story is as follows: "When I went back, grandmother was completely blind. Whenever she wished to go anywhere I always had to lead her or someone else had to lead her. In spite of the fact that she was blind she could do many things. She could find her way around the house. She could light a candle and she went to her room without help. It was only when she went out

that someone had to lead her. I was the first grandson from America that had ever gone back to see her. Grandmother was very happy. When I arrived in the village where my grandmother lived I was very surprised. It was so different from America. The streets were about three yards wide."

"The streets were filled with waste material and refuse that the villagers threw out. But soon I had to get used to it.

"Grandmother treated me very nice. Every day she had a special dish cooked for me. And she gave me money to buy candies and cakes.

"My uncle, who is the first son of my grandmother, was married. His wife died and he married another woman. That woman was always fighting with grandmother. She was always quarreling with grandmother. I remember many times she made grandmother cry. I did not like that woman.

"Father used to send money back to grandmother and this woman opened her letters and kept the money herself. She did that for a long time before anyone found it out. But the husband of this woman was very nice. He was not like his wife. I wondered why he ever stayed married to her. That woman used to live with grandmother in the same house. But when I went back she and my uncle had to go to the old house and I lived in the new house with grandmother and the son of my uncle. The old house was just a block away from the new house.

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"Village life is so different from city life. Everything is done so leisurely. There everyone seemed to be closer to nature. Everyone is a part of nature.

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Now the youngest child in the family of thirteen is called "lai goo." she is the aunt of this boy.

She had been in America ever since she married. Always she wished to go back but because of circumstances she has never been able to go beyond talking about the trip.

The years passed by quickly. The old mother was getting to be older and older. And the desire of the lai goo became acute. She is hoping that some day somehow she will have the opportunity.

to return to the village where she was born and see her mother.

She said: "You know how those old women are. If they want something they want it. I would like very much to go back. But it is next to impossible. My husband is settled here. My children are going to school. All these will be upset if the whole family is to go back. If I had the money I would go back for a trip but I could not afford it. I really do not know when I would be able to go."

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Will she ever live to see the day when her children will go back and pay their respects to her? Time alone will tell. We think that anyone who has been a mother, a grandmother, and great-grandmother really deserves some happiness. Yes, she really does.

And once more the story of a man who came over here to make a living occurs. We have come to the conclusion that Chinese people regard America as the only promised land in which a person could make a living.

Most of the incidents of his life are routine. He was, as expected, born in a little village. It is very strange that almost everyone who comes to this land was born in a little hamlet. Perhaps people born in the cities of China do not migrate like the people in the hamlets, or else the stork is not doing his customary work.

The mother of the young man died a few months after the birth of the boy. The cause of the death was said to be the weakened condition of the mother which came as a result of childbirth. Not long after the birth of the baby the mother attended a celebration. The day was windy and cold. She caught sick and died not long afterwards. The little baby was but a few months old then.

The grandmother, who was alive then, took care of the little boy and he thrived and grew up in the little hamlet. He went to school there and when he was older he went to the city to study. He studied for six long hard years. Completing his work there, he left school and found himself a position. Due to his laziness he did not work long. His father was an opium smoker and a gambler and he did not set a good example for the boy. Although the father knew that he was not doing the right thing he did his best to prevent his son from doing the same. But the saying "like father like son" prevailed. The son could not help himself.

Little by little the son associated himself to companions who indulged their time in pleasure and in gambling. The boy even went as far as to smoke a little opium now and then. Luckily for him he did not make a habit out of it. When he came over here to the United States he completely broke the habit and has not gone back to it yet.

This continuous dissipation of time and energy proved to be a barrier to the boy's advancement in life.

As a result he did not go so very far in the business world. Now the boy's father really wanted his boy to be a successful man. He sincerely did not wish that his son follow in his own footsteps. The father has a brother over in Oakland and it was soon arranged that the boy was to come over to live. The father thought that perhaps over here the boy would change and drop some of his bad habits.

The young man landed in America in 1929. By his appearance it was evident that he did not lead a very healthful life. He was nineteen when he came over. He is almost twenty-five now and the people who took care of him are planning to get him a wife (the old Chinese custom). Every since coming over the boy has really changed. He does not smoke or gamble as much as he used to do in his early days in China. His health is much better. He is getting to be so fat that people are calling him nicknames because of his plumpness.

When the boy first arrived here he brought with all of his customary habits. He went over to San Francisco once a week and

stayed there over night. He slept at late hours and woke up late. He gambled at mah jong and it was a common thing to know that he lost so much and won so much at the game. Once he even went to an opium shop and got so sick that ever since he has completely dropped going there.

Now this boy is another one of those Chinese boys who did not know a single word of the English language. He went to the Lincoln School and joined a special class composed mostly of oriental students. This class was started for the purpose of teaching immigrants the English language. As this class was almost wholly made up of Chinese and Japanese the teacher taught the subject very slowly so that the students would be able to understand perfectly what they were studying.

The boy's laziness began to blossom forth anew. He could not concentrate on the subject. He dropped from the school after two semesters there. He went to work. He worked in a little grocery store that was owned by a friend. Because the work was lonesome he left and he found himself another job. He worked next in a lottery shop. This kind of work was dangerous and he quit. He decided then and there that in order to do something worth while he would have to learn a definite trade. Since the man with whom he was living was a tailor he decided to learn how to make clothes. He learned the profession and has been working at the shop ever since.

Another fact about this young man was the spending habit in him. He spent every cent he made. He bought a great deal of new clothes.

Now to go back to his childhood for awhile. When his mother died the family burned the pictures of the dead woman. The son did not know what his mother looked like until he came over to America. The people over here are not as superstitious as the people back there and they kept a picture of the woman. It was only then the boy knew what his mother looked like.

Before the boy came over here the boy's father wrote a letter to the people who were to take care of him. In the letter the father described the character and doings of the boy and the people over here knew that they had a problem on their hands.

The first few months the people had a hard time controlling the boy. Since the boy was not their own son it was extremely difficult to expect discipline from him. But bit by bit he changed and he was really surprised that he did change. He began to save money which came as a great surprise to everyone.

Now this boy made the acquaintance of a young girl living in the country. The girl is still going to high school and the girl's mother does not wish to have the girl marry too soon. The young man agrees to wait a few years until the girl shall be finished with her work.

On holidays the boy goes into the country to see her and to even things up the young woman comes out to see the boy during the school semesters when there is no school.

In the meantime the young man continued his saving of money and he has even cut out smoking so as to have more in the bank.

When he gets enough he wants to marry the girl and spend the money that was gathered up during the years of hard work in one grand and glorious fling.

The boy's original intention was to go back to China to get married. He changed his mind because the people over here thought that it would be a better plan if he married over here.

It is not an easy thing for a Chinese to get married. There are all sorts of complications. There has to be a go between whose duty it is to introduce the couple and the boy has to have the approval of the girl's mother and father. Then there is the matter of the money to be settled. Also the horoscopes of the two persons, who are taking the fatal step have to be compared to see if they are satisfactory or not.

In China, whenever a person is married there are all kinds of celebration and customs to be followed and it is very common to know that a person spent as much as two or three thousand dollars in order to get married.

The young man has saved enough to take care of a wife. But he could not afford to spend it foolishly for all sorts of silly and unnecessary celebrations.

Fortunately the Chinese people in America do not follow rigidly the old marriage customs of the old country but they do retain enough of the customs to give it a typical Chinese atmosphere.

The mothers of the brides, as a rule, want to impress their neighbors and friends as to the wealth of their sons-in-law and

it is a common thing to hear gossiping over the back yard fences as to how many trunks of clothes the bride received or how many pieces of jewels she got.

Even in a poor family, if they had a daughter who is going to be wedded the family always puts up a front so as to impress their friends.

To hear that a mother spent almost her life fortune so that the daughter is properly married is a very common occurrence.

The boy's decision in deciding to get married over here is perhaps wise. Without a doubt he could save a lot of unnecessary spending of money.

Now all of this information was not told to me by the boy himself. It would be too much of a confession. I know the boy only slightly but the people who took care of him were old friends of mine and they told the story to me.

I think that I have not gotten any personal touches of the boy. The boy and I chatted one afternoon and I learned quite a lot from him. Through the cooperation of him and the people who took care of him I finally got enough material to put it in an interview.

The first thing we talked about was speed.

"Everything over here is done so quickly and finished so completely that before one is aware of it the whole thing is through. When I arrived in San Francisco from my trip I was impressed by the rushing back and forth of the street cars, the people, the taxi, and the automobiles. The people seemed to be rushing somewhere. What a complete difference it is to the

little villages. There everything goes on just the same. Nothing ever happened. In their activities Chinese people are snails compared to the Americans. People just gobble their meals. No eating or swallowing just gobbling. In China the men folks take from five to ten minutes in drinking a glass of wine. In that time most people here would have eaten their breakfast and lunch."

"You have been to the cities of China, you must have been used to the speed."

"It is true that the cities are quicker and more active than the sleeping villages. But the speed we see over here beats everything that I have seen."

I was very inquisitive as to the reason for his trip here. Instead of the familiar answer of making a living and coming over to study he simply said, "Well, because I wanted to. I wished to see what America is like. I heard a lot about this country. I want to take a trip all over this land."

Woe is me. Here I was born over here in California and yet there are streets and places in this little city that I still do not know existed.

I was sure that he would point out differences in the living between the two countries by comparisons.

He said, "I noticed that the boys over here are not so inclined to smoke or gamble as we who are born in China. People lead a more healthful life here. They do not sleep late and gamble like the Chinese people in China."

"Do you think that you are better off here in the United States than in China?"

"I think that my coming over is of great advantage to me. I did not think that I could change over so completely as I have done. If only for the fact that I did change I think that my trip here is a great success."

"What do you think of America?"

"I think that America is a fine place to live. The climate is very satisfactory. In China when it is hot, it is very hot. When it is cold, it is very cold. Sometimes in the night it is so hot that it is impossible to sleep. Over here in California even if the day is hot, in the evening the cool breeze from the ocean cools the air and makes it possible for the people to sleep."

"What are your future plans?"

"I intend to stay in America for many more years. After I marry I plan to take my wife back to China for a trip."

This young man if he had not come over here would probably have developed into a good-for-nothing person. Luckily for him his father had the insight to send him over here. Now the young man has changed a great deal. America is the cause of this change. In this land he became renovated and he should be grateful for it.

Sometimes we think that human beings are the strangest animals on this planet. There ^{is} ~~are~~ such a great variety of people, tall, big, strong, weak, and strange.

In our store many people come and go. Many are uninteresting, some are very unusual, so unusual as could be classified as strange. The ^{reason} ~~reason~~ why we never had a chance to write this story, is that this man is a very recent acquaintance of ours. Not exactly a friend, not exactly a person we know, but he does drop in occasionally to chat with some of the workers.

He had been coming to the store quite regularly the last two months.

The first time that I noticed him, I paid no attention to him, although at the very first glance I knew that he was a very strange and unusal person. His face ^{appears} ~~appeared~~-as though it has never been washed in his whole life. He ^{wears} ~~were~~-a peculiar black cap on his head, his dirty and clinky hair appearing in wild confusion way down to his neck.

But his shoes are the strangest things. They have no buttons, or laces. The shoes are very old, he probably has them since time immortal. The shoes are very loose, and every-time that he walks, his foot would slip out from the spacious shoe, and disclose a blue cotton sock with a hole, a very big hole too. The color of the shoes is most peculiar. It is neither brown nor black. A thick layer of dust which clings stubbornly to the shoes makes them appear a muddy ground color.

I saw him many time, but always he appeared in the same kind of clothes, the same suit of clothes that he had been

wearing for how long, it is not hard to guess.

He speaks in a very peculiar dialect, and only by straining my ears ^{so} ~~was~~ it possible that I could understand him.

In his pockets there are many bulging packages wrapped with old newspaper, and what they are I have never found out.

At first glance the man seems like a stupid person, one who is unable to do anything. But on talking to him, one would find out that he could talk, and that he understands what people say.

He is unemployed, but he does not let people know about it, as he always said, "I am so busy at the cannery, that I have not time." Once a worker in the store demanded of him in a jesting mood, "Why do you not buy another pair of shoes?" and the man answered, "Someday when I have time I would go uptown and buy a pair of shoes. It is only because I am so busy that I could not buy myself a pair of shoes." All of us would laugh secretly, for this man had absolutely nothing to do.

One Sunday he came to the store, and one of the workers said, "Do you want to make some money?"

The man said, "Yes, but how?"

And the worker said, "All you have to do is to clean the store, and sweep and wash the floors." He did not tell the man how much he was to receive.

I think it was about two in the afternoon then and the man said, "It would take me at ^{least} ~~least~~ an hour to finish the work," and the worker in the store said, "Make it as quick as you can."

He did not finish till half past five and the worker in the store gave him fifty cent and invited him to stay for dinner.

He ate three whole bowls of rice that it was necessary to cook some more. All during the dinner he had his black cap on, and not for once did he take it off.

We mentioned in the beginning of the story that this man had cans of mysterious goods in his pockets. He would ~~not~~ ^{they are} tell what ~~it~~ is. But we found out anyway. It seems that the rumor got around that this man was always afraid of fire, and he placed strange mysterious herbs in strong cans in his pockets. But whether he ever eats these herbs or not no one knows. But he always carries them around, and he never shows them to anyone at all.

This man is forty-nine years of age, and we used to kid him, "You are still a young man yet, you know," and he would secretly smile, his face full of holes breaking into a smile.

He is slightly off his "nut." And it happened like this.

All his life he wanted to be a king, and when he came over to America he studied very hard, very hard indeed, and he became interested in world affairs. He said once, "I have spent over three thousand dollars in education."

Now one thing about this man ^{is} ~~was~~ that he never eats rice, unless someone invites him to dinner. At home he eats noodles and as he explained, "It is so much cheaper to eat noodles, and noodles are much easier to make than rice. I always eat noodles at home."

All his life this man wanted to become a king, or someone prominent in the affairs of the world, and toward this end he worked, although at that time that he was in China was

a republic and there was no king in China then.

All during his time here he thought again and again of being a king until the ideas dominated his whole mind, and little by little he became crazy.

He is not exactly crazy, but peculiar.

He still has a father over in San Francisco who is in the gambling business, and his old mother is still living way back thar in dear old China. And he even has a wife, still living in China.

Today is Monday, and I wrote the first three and a half pages on Sunday night. I intend to end the story with the above paragraph. But Monday the old women in the store came to work, and it happened that one of the women noticed the clean floors, and she said, "Who clean the floors so neat?"

And we told her about the man that came yesterday, and immediately the old near sighted woman started talking about him.

So if the following information does not agree with what we had first written, it is because we got this information from this old near sighted woman and she knew him when he first came over.

The first thing that we found out was that this strange man does eat rice at home, and he cooked it in a very strange manner. First he would take three large bowls of rice, and he would wash it clean. Then he would take two cups of oil, then he would cut out large pieces of ham, and he would cook the rice in this manner and eat it too.

He eats his rice in a most peculiar manner. He places

the rice not in a bowl, but in a large tin pan and he would eat ~~eat~~ it in that manner. After one dish of rice is finished he would pour tea in which is melted a large piece of brown sugar, and he would drink this tea. Then he would eat another dishful of rice, and then drink another dishful of tea again.

And he eats lots and lots too.

This man is crazy about battleships, always talking about them. And the old woman said, "Those peculiar cans in his pocket are full of drawings of battleships, and whenever a battleship or a group of battleships arrive in San Francisco Bay he would stay in two three nights and all day long drawing battleships and pictures, and he would go over to San Francisco then he would arrive at the battleships and he would pass these pictures out to the sailors and captains."

So you see they are not herbs, as originally stated.

When this man is calm he is like a meek lamb, very gentle and placid. But the old near sighted woman said, "When he is furious and mad, then that is the time to beware. His strength would come to him suddenly, and nobody can control him. Once he tied his sister up, because she spent all her money instead of sending it back to her mother. She beat the girl until she was black and blue. But when he is calm, he is just like any ordinary person. The strangest time in his life is when the battleships come. He would lock himself in his room, and he would not come out of it. All day and all night he would draw and draw and draw. He would not sleep. When the day comes for him to go across the Bay to visit the battleships he would not dress up, and he would wear

his old clothes. He would take all the pictures and place them in a can, and he would carry the pictures over and pass them out to the sailors."

Right now this man is not working, but he does get an odd job now and then washing floors and windows for different people. Sometimes he receives fifty cents or perhaps a dollar.

This man said he had been working in the cannery for twenty-one years, but no one believes him anyway.

He is really a very energetic worker, and he would clean anything until it is absolutely clean. But he is a very slow worker, working many hours which would take someone else a very short time to do.

Although his father lives in San Francisco he never goes to see him, and many times his father had told him to go over there to live with him, but he does not want to. He lives in an old house, and he does not have to pay any rent at all. He helps the landlord clean houses, and the landlord let him live in the house free of ~~each~~ charge.

We once ask^{ed} him, "Why don't you go back to China?"

And he would say, "No." And he would not tell anything more. He lives alone. He does not buy any new clothes. He does not have to pay rent. So you see his fifty cents or a dollar for odd jobs would be enough to keep him going. All he has to do is to buy his own food, and although he eats a great deal, he does eat a great variety of foods.

He is almost as peculiar as the strange woman we wrote about, if not more so.

For a long time she did that, and no one found it out. But eventually it happened, and although she does this no more, she is still cruel to the old mother. Before, she used to live in the same house as the old mother, and then due to constant ~~quarrel~~ quarreling, she had to move away. Her husband owned a little store in the village where people came to buy goods, but never pay the bills, for all were close relatives or friends.

Well, the old mother in China is waiting, waiting for her sons and daughter to return. Will she live to see this day? For one who has been such a courageous mother, grandmother, and great grandmother, she really deserves some happiness.

But she is only one of many!
~~Not alone is she in her desire, for there are countless~~
~~others who are just as earnest, and eager to see their sons~~
~~daughters also.~~ *Just as*
~~Because the story of this old mother is~~
~~such a typical one.~~ *That is why this*
~~It is a reflection of life today~~ *the (that is led)*
~~is, was, and shall be as long as families are separated by~~
~~the wide expanse of waters of the blue Pacific.~~ *by all those*

The Strike

One evening when my brother Sung was reading the Post Enquirer in the sitting room he said that there was a maritime strike going on over in San Francisco, ^{but} none of us paid any attention to him, for we all thought what difference does a strike more or less make to us. It probably wouldn't have any effect on us anyway. I remembered I was sitting across from my brother Sung, reading a thick volume of a recent best seller, The Way of a Transgressor, which I got from the library two days ago. Anyway, I never read news. Whenever I picked up a paper I read the movie section first, then the radio column, the cartoons, the editorials, and then I read the sport page. I never read the funnies, and I never looked at the front page. Even if there was a strike going on, I probably wouldn't know it if my brother Sung hadn't told me about it. Even when the strike began to be serious, I still remained aloof, hardly bothering about it, knowing that perhaps this strike like all other strike would probably blow over in a few days. But day by day, I began to see more and more news about the strike. There was a terrible deadlock, I read, and neither side wished to yield to the other.

One day my mother told me to send a letter back to China. I told her that many boats were tied up at the San Francisco docks, and ~~it~~ would be impossible for them to take letters until the strike was settled.

"But there must be other boats," she said.

I said I didn't know for I hardly paid any attention to the newspapers. But nevertheless, I took the letter down to *the* post office to mail it, and there I saw my former Chinese teacher. I told him that I was sending a letter back to China and that my mother was afraid it might be delayed.

He said, "But other boats could bring the letters back." And he told me that he had read about it in the other papers. When I went home, I told my mother about it, and she said, "I hope that the letter would reach China in time for it is quite important."

The days went by, and soon we discovered that one group after another went into the strike to join an united front or something like that anyway. We heard faint rumors that the different warehouses were going to join the ~~the~~ strike and they were not going to let anyone put anything in or take anything out. My brother Sung said one day, "I don't think that the warehouses are going to join in line." And then my mother said, "Let us hope not, for if they do, we would have no place in the world to put our shrimps."

One day my brother Sung took two large cans of shrimps down to the National Ice and Cold Storage Co. down near Market Street. When he came home he still had the two cans of shrimps and mother asked him, "Why did you not put the shrimps in?" And my brother Sung said, "The union people refuses to let anyone take anything out or put anything in."

Then my mother became worried, and she said, "But we cannot keep the shrimps here. Our ice box is not cold enough and the longest the shrimps would keep is three or four days."

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Suddenly my brother Sung said, "There is ^a big storage room down at Fishermen's Pier. Since they buy shrimps from us I think they would not mind very much if we put our shrimps down there."

Mother suddenly brightened up. "Yes, bring it down there," she said. So my brother Sung brought the two cans down there, and the people said it was all right if we wanted to put more in there.

All of us wondered how much longer the strike was going to last. Sung said one day, "The strike cannot last forever. By the time Thanksgiving comes, we will be able to put things into the place down at Market Street." The mere mention of the word Thanksgiving gave mother an idea. She said, "If we cannot get any shrimps to sell this Thanksgiving, then our business would be completely ruined. If ^{we} ^{city} were the only store in this ~~city~~ it would not matter so much. We can tell our customers that we cannot get anymore shrimps. But since there is a new store here trying their best to ruin us, we must be prepared to serve our customers."

The next day mother telephoned over to San Francisco to order two hundred pounds of shrimps in the shells and before she hung up, I heard her say, "And send over two hundred pounds ~~over~~ every single day from now on." Sung heard it too and he asked mother, "But why are you buying so much? We cannot sell it all." Mother said, "We do not know how long this strike is going to last. Maybe a few days, perhaps a few weeks, and even a few months. We cannot put anything in the storage company, and we cannot take anything

out. Perhaps we sell all our shrimps that we have on stock now, and then where would we be? We will have nothing to sell to our customers and then the Fong Wang Shrimp Company would take away all our customers." Sung nodded in agreement.

Day by day then, while the strike was still going on, we stocked up whatever we can't sell down at the Fishermen's Pier storage room. By this time we had about ten cans of shrimps down there.

"But how could we sell them all?" Sung demanded one day.

"Thanksgiving is coming soon," mother said, "and we will be able to sell them all."

Sung said, "If only all our former customers would come back to us." He was still thinking of the mean trick the Fong Wang Shrimp Company played on us by going around to all our customers and ~~taking~~ taking them away. Mother said, "But many have come back to us."

"But we should take them all back," Sung said. No doubt he was still thinking of the incident that happened not so long ago when he and a worker of the Fong Wang Company met on the street at the same time. He almost got into a fight then.

"I guess luck is ~~going~~ against us this year. We lost some of our customers, and just when business looks good, that Fong Wang Company has to open to compete against us. Now we have to lower our prices or ~~not~~ one would buy from us," mother said slowly. All of us kept quiet for awhile. Then Sung suggested, "Why don't we raise back our prices to our former level? I am sure that many would still buy from us for our

shrimps are of a better quality."

"But this is a hard thing to do," mother said. "We cannot ~~jump~~ suddenly from our low prices to our former price^s. We are liable to get our customers mad. Perhaps after the other store stops operating, we can do it."

"But suppose the Fong Wang Shrimp Company keep on for a long time, then what are we to do?"

"We would have to continue on like this," mother said.

"Then we won't make any money," Sung said.

"That cannot be helped," mother said. "If we cannot make money at ~~this~~ ^{these} prices, neither can the other store. One of us have to stop sooner or later. We can always go on here as usual. The other store has workers. They have to pay wages, and none of us in our store ~~have~~ ^{gets} any wages. Even if we make no money, we won't lost anything. We do not have to care about wages. After the Fong Wang Company stops, we will raise our prices." Sung was quiet. He knew that what mother said was the truth. Before, when he were able to make enough for expenses of the store, and when we were able to have a little profit, mother would give Sung five dollars each month. And sometimes she would give me five or seven dollars. On ~~many~~ months when we were not able to get going, then neither Sung nor I would get any money. And we did not care.

The strike continued to grip the city. One day the workers in the store said, "I never saw so much strikes as I saw this year. The president is no good. Before, with other presidents we never heard anything about strikes."

Sung heard that and he said, "But a president has nothing to do with a strike. He does not cause it." Then the old workers in the store would remain quiet. Then they said, "Well, anyway, it is only with this president that we have so many strikes. He ought to be put ~~###~~ of office." And the other workers in the ~~####~~ store would nod their heads and approved of what was being said.

One day my sister Mei cut a picture of Landon out of the Examiner, and she pasted in on the wall in the store. In the afternoon a customer came into the store. He saw the picture and he asked, "Who hung that picture up?" My sister Mei said, "I did."

"Are you going to vote for him?" the man said.

"I am not old enough to vote," Mei said.

"Is anyone in here voting for him?" the man asked.

"Nobody here votes," I put in.

The man looked at me. "Aren't you old enough to vote?"

"I guess I am," I said, "but I'm not voting."

"If anyone here is voting for him, I would never come in here again," the man said.

That day mother made my sister Mei take down the picture. "First we must think of our business," she said, "but you better take down the picture and hang it in your room." Mei did that, and she said, "That man must be a communist."

The election was coming near and the strike was rumbling everywhere. And the workers in the store said that this president was good, and others said that a new one ought to be in office. But we were too busy stocking up shrimps to pay any attention to all this talk.

The days passed by, and when Roosevelt was reelected some of the workers in the store turned their heads and said, "What is this country coming to."

The strike spread everywhere, and one day we read that the gravediggers ^{were} ~~was~~ going on strike in San Francisco. Everyone laughed at this. "Everything, everybody seemed to be on strike," mother said, "Maybe all of us should quit work and join in the spirit of the strike." Then we all laughed till our sides hurt us.

One day, a week before Thanksgiving we received a call from San Francisco ^{stating} that there would be no more shrimps for an indefinite time. And mother said, "I knew something like this was going to happen. It is a good thing that we have some shrimps stocked up."

A strange thing ^{happened} ~~former~~ one day. That day every single one of our ^{former} customers came back to us. "I wonder what happened," mother said.

"Perhaps the Fong Wang Shrimp Company has no shrimps," I said innocently.

"That's it!" Sung said loudly. "They have sold all their shrimps and since they could not get any out of storage they have nothing to sell."

"Let's raise our prices now," I said. "People would buy no matter what we charge them," I said, "since this ## is the only store in Oakland that has shrimps to sell."

"That's a good idea," Sung said. We begged mother to do it, and finally she consented. And strangely enough we sold more shrimps the next day at an increased price than we

ever did at a lower price.

"We are making money now," Sung said.

Mother said, "No, we are not making money. Even when we sell all the shrimps we will not get back one tenth of the money we lost since the Fong Wang Shrimp Company started here in Oakland in July."

"But we couldn't have lost that much," Sung said.

"Our business has dropped terribly," I said, for I know, since every single cent spent in the store is handled by me. There is no boss. Sometimes mother makes the decision, sometimes ~~it~~ it is Sung, but mostly I tell what is to be done, and we follow it.

We began to sell more and more shrimps and our supply dwindled down until we had but five more cans of shrimps. One day we had an order to deliver three hundred pounds of shrimps to a big market. We had to refuse that order because there wasn't that much shrimps in the whole of Oakland. Later we had another order to deliver two hundred pounds of shrimps but we had to refuse that too.

"This damn strike makes it ~~impossible~~ impossible for us to get shrimps. Otherwise we might have make some money this Thanksgivings" Sung was rather mad.

"But we are more fortunate than the Fong Wang Shrimp Co. since they had nothing to sell for so many days. We have gotten all their customers. We should be thankful for ^{that} ~~thank~~," Mother was rather pleased.

"But are we going to sell at our increased prices to them from now on?" Sung asked.

Then mother said, "Since the other store has no shrimps to sell, we could continue to sell at our high prices, but when ~~they~~ it has shrimps to sell again, we will have to lower our prices once more to compete against them."

I suggested to mother, "Why don't we give out the calendars this Thanksgiving instead of waiting for Christmas as we did last year." Mother said, "That is a good idea." So the day before Thanksgiving my sister Mei and I rolled the Chinese calendars and tied them with a small rubber band. Then in the evening we took about one hundred of them out into the store for we expected about that many persons to come to the store the next day.

The next morning at ~~early morning about~~ six o'clock the customers began to come. The first one was one who bought forty pounds of shrimps. Then steadily until seven at night the shrimps began to go one pound after another. In the afternoon three Chinese men came to our store and looked suspiciously around everywhere.

"I bet those are men from the Fong Wang Shrimp Company," I said to Sung.

"They acted very strangely," Sung said.

But we didn't care at all. We had shrimps to sell and the Fong Wang Shrimp Company hadn't any. And we were rather proud because we had put one over on them. By nightfall we had sold every single ^{can} ~~can~~ of shrimps and there was no more for the next day.

Mother phoned over to Hunter's Point to find out if there were any more shrimps. And the man over there said

that he wouldn't know until the next day. The next day mother phoned over again and the man said there were some shrimps but not very much.

"Save us just as much as you can," mother said. In the afternoon my brother Sung and I went across the new bridge, and in less than fifteen minutes we were in San Francisco. About ten minutes later we were at Hunter's Point. There were many old broken down shacks worn with age and I found out that these were the places where the people get their shrimps. We drove into one of these shacks and I was rather shocked at the poor surroundings.

Everyone of the shacks was near the waterfront. The smell of shrimps and fish was everywhere. Sung drove the car towards a gray wooden building that had the appearance of falling apart at any moment. No one was around.

"There's nobody here," I said to Sung.

Then Sung called out loudly. Soon we heard footsteps coming from the inside of the house. The door opened and A short man, browned to a deep color by the sun, came out.

We told him that we were from Oakland, and that we came over to get some shrimps.

"Your mother just phoned over," he said, "to see if you arrive safely or not." Then my brother Sung phoned over to Oakland telling mother that we were all right.

The man took us into a large room. There were many tables covered with screen wire on which were spread shrimps of all sizes. Some of them were as small as pinheads. These were to be dried and sold as dried shrimps. Near the table

there were shrimps of a better size. But they were too small for our needs.

"We want something of a better size," Sung said. Then the man led us over to another table and we saw some shrimps that were just right. "These are the kinds that we want," Sung said.

The man put them all into a burlap bag, and when he weighed it, it was about one hundred and fifty-seven pounds.

"We just call it one hundred and fifty pounds," he said. Then he gathered a whole bag of fresh fish and gave it to us. "Perhaps your mother would like some fresh fish," he said.

"Thanks," Sung said, and he carried the package of fish out to the car. The ^{men} carried the heavy sack of shrimps and he tied it to the back of the automobile. Sung paid him the money and then we were on our way back to Oakland again.

For many days after that it was necessary for my brother Sung to go over to San Francisco to get some shrimps.

Then we heard a rumor that the people in the Fong Wang Shrimp Company were furious because ^{taken} we had ~~took~~ back all our customers. They did not think we were able to have any shrimps to sell, and I guessed we surprised them by stocking all our stuff down at the storage in Fishermen's Pier instead of at the regular ice storage company. Despite the strike, despite the efforts of the union men, we had shrimps to sell while all other stores in Oakland and even in San Francisco had to close for the Thanksgiving holiday.

"We are indeed fortunate this year," Mother said one

day. It seems a little strange to think back of all this. The Fong Wang ~~Shrimp~~ Shrimp Company tried to ruin us, and now they are getting a taste of their own medicine."

"I can't see how they last so long," Sung said, "None of us get any wages here and we hardly make enough to pay expenses. And the other store has six workers. How could they make enough money to go on."

I said, "They would continue on for a time even if they lost money just to save their face^s as you might put it."

"Well, I hope they stop soon," Sung said. "They started out to ruin us, and it would treat them right if their business goes to the rocks." Mother and I kept silent.

Business was not so good after Thanksgiving. But the strike was still on and we were not able yet to take anything out from the ice company or put anything in there.

"We must stock up again, for Christmas is coming near," mother said.

So everyday we ordered a great amount of shrimps so that when Christmas comes around we will have shrimps to sell.

Well, there was a strike in the city, and despite everything the union men tried to do, we had shrimps to sell, and somehow we have a slight satisfaction of what we had done.

But most of all we are laughing for we had put one over on the Fong Wang Shrimp Company. The strike almost ruined that company, but to us, it came as a great opportunity and we are grateful for it.

Everybody thought that Mike was a communist, but no one was sure. We always found him in the street corners near Franklin Street, loafing around among the unemployed, going into the five cents restaurants, begging for money in the street. But despite all this, Mike was a nice man to know. Sometimes, even when he was broke, he would give away his cigarettes and whatever he possessed to anyone who desired it.

I saw Mike the first time that I was out of work. I had just came in on a hot train, slipping off unobserved, and barely managed to slip off in the sight of a few bulls. They were watching all the trains to see that no one comes into town now, especially those that were out of work.

I remembered that day too. I was walking around to ~~the~~ those Chinks joints begging them to give me something to eat. I was willing to any sort of work, anything to earn a decent little meal, but you know how things are. There was no work for anyone, so how could you imagine me, a white man, getting something to eat in a Chink joint. God damn them all.

My belly ached like nobody's business, believe me. Then it was that Mike saw me. I was feeling kind of rotten too right then.

"What's the matter?" Mike demanded, "Hungry?"

"Yeah," I said.

"How long since you've eaten?" Mike said.

"Two days ago."

And then Mike he took me in to one of those five cents restaurant, buying food and things kind of like he had a lot of money. So I just ate and ate right there.

Those cheap restaurants sure give a lot of food for so little money. Bread, coffee, potatoes, and pies, and all for less than fifteen cents.

Mike he seemed to watch me eat.

Mike was taking one small cup of coffee and some cupcakes.

"You're not eating much," I said to him.

"No, I'm quite full," Mike said.

Just then Mike said, "Everybody called me Mike, what's your name, kid?"

I told him, "Joe."

"Glad to meet you Joe," he said. Just like that.

He treated me to a dinner even before I knew his name. We became quite close friends then, and for many days afterward I saw him.

This city was alike all the rest of the cities. No work for anybody, and most of my time I spent in the park sleeping on the grass, sunning myself, day in and day out. One of those flat foot dicks just about chased me out of town the other day, for loafing around. But what can a person do? I'm trying like hell to land a job, but no going for me, and the rest of 'em.

Mike managed to gather a little loose change here and there. Once he got fifty cents. He went into one Chink joint and he said, "I just got out of the hospital, and can you spare me a nickel to get on the five cent ferry for Frisco." And he got it too. And then he went into another Chink joint and did the same thing. But those Chinks got wise to him soon. Then Mike had to ask men on the streets to give him money. Mike he always paid for my night dinner, and everything we had we split

even between us.

Both of us hang around the employment agency frequently and sometimes Mike and me, we managed to get some part time job to do, but nothing permanent. And when we had nothing to do, we had to beg and do whatever we can.

Once Mike said to me, "Why don't you settle down kid?"

"I don't know," I answered, "I don't know what to do?"

"You don't want to lead this kind of life forever."

"I guess not," I said.

"I've been like this for the last four years," Mike said, "and I have never gotten anywhere yet. I know this sort of life, of hunger and unemployment. I guess it's all right for me. But you are young. You deserve better than all this."

I don't know what to say, and Mike never talk^{ed} like this before. It's things like this that made me understand that Mike wasn't no communists. He never talked about the revolution, or the class struggle, like Pete and Mitchell.

For six months almost Mike and I went along like this getting a little work to do now and then. Then one day we heard about the strike on the shipyards over in Frisco. And the men all around talked about this and that.

The news developed into something quite serious, and one day I read in the papers that a general strike was to begin on Monday all over the city, and Pete and Mitchell they were very excited and said, "We show them capitalist now what we can do." I could tell that they were going to make trouble somehow.

Mike once told me not to mingle with them. "They dynamite," he told me, "and they been in the pen twice for disturbances."

The whole city seemed to be in great excitement, and everywhere there was fear, and I could see many women and men bringing home large stocks of foods. Many gasoline stations had closed, and many cars were not running at all.

I said to Mike on Saturday, "Let's buy something for emergency. One can't tell how long this is going to last."

Mike he ain't got much money, but he dug up fifty cents from his pocket, and said, "Go ahead, Joe. Buy anything you would like." So I went down to the Tenth Street market, and what did you suppose I saw. Just a whole flock of dames and people standing in line, buying whatever they could lay their hands on. I was going into the grocartaria to buy some can foods, but that God damn place was so full of people I could hardly squeeze myself in, but I did. I never saw so many people in my life in one small place. All the mothers grapped ^{hold} ~~hole~~ of can milkk for their babies. And one mother cried out, "But haven't you anymore? I got to have it for my baby." And the lady there said, "Sorry, mam, but everything is sold out." The can fruits and the can peas were all taken, leaving nothing but empty shelves. But there was still plenty of stuff to go around, it seemed. I bought a package of whole wheat cereal, a can of soup, and a bag of raisins. And I had to stand in line for over thirty-five minutes, maybe more, before I could get out of that stuffy place.

Everybody was buying, buying, and the merchants were making nice business, believe me. Everything went like a forest fire. One lady I saw there bought two whole hams, and she had three or four packages in her hands.

I wondered how long this strike was going to last. Mike

and I hadn't any more spare money. We can only last for a day or two.

I brought the stuff back to Mike, and he said, "How long you think this strike going to last?"

"I dunno," I said, "but I hope not very long. Those people up in the market are fighting like mad, just buying foodstuffs."

"I saw that many of the restaurants had closed," Mike said, "and people got to stand in line to eat."

"It's quite bad then."

"Yes, I'm afraid that it is."

The next day Sunday was very quiet. We were all wondering what was going to happen tomorrow.

Then Monday the general strike began, and I had never seen anything like it. The city seemed suddenly transformed into nothing, and everything seemed to be hiding away somewhere. No streetcars, no automobiles, and no people except a few here and there. I had been to the country, and I had been alone on the countryside. But I had never seen a city, a breathing city, alive and awake, so dead and so quiet, so void before.

Every store, every theatre, was closed. And the footsteps and the talk of human beings took on a strange and queer tone. Before we heard the rumblings of the streetcars, the tooting of the automobile, and they seemed to blend into the scene, but now since all these were missing, I felt as if something vital, something important was lacking somewhere.

In the street corners there were groups of men, hungry, poor, and very badly dressed. They stared around at everybody that walked by.

Despite the presence of some people on the streets, there was an air of emptiness, of voidness everywhere, it was a Monday, and yet like a very Sunday, only more so. Mike and I walked up Broadway, and we saw a sign on the theater, stating: Close indefinitely. The jewelry shop, the banks, the five and ten cents store, all were closed. And the strange thing was, there were no dames around anywhere at all. Strange not to see a dame anywhere.

"It's sure quiet," I said to Mike.

"Yeah," Mike said, "I never saw a city as quiet like this before."

And the city sure was quiet, like something lost. There were quite a few automobiles around, but none of 'em was running. Mike and I walked ~~walked~~ around everywhere.

On the corner of Eight Street we heard a man saying, "When some people are too rich, and when some people are too ~~rich~~ ^{poor}, things like this will happen." But I don't see how anything rich or poor could cause a general strike.

All around it was like this. Quiet and dull.

That night Mike and I walked along Chinatown, when we saw Pete and Mitchell with a large group of men walking toward us.

Mike said quickly, "Let's turn down the street here."

We turned down on Webster.

Mike said, "Pete's going to do something radical now. I know him. He takes care of such opportunity to cause trouble. He's bad business."

And sure enough right then we heard the loud shattering

of broken glasses. Mike and I turned around the corner again, and we saw Pete and his group of going up to one of those Chink joints, and coming down with a whole set of dishes and cups, and they threw them into the streets, shattering them to small minute pieces.

"Damn those China^{men}~~3333~~," one of the radicals said.

"I guess we show 'em what we think," another radical said.

Then we saw Pete and his men going into another Chinaman's restaurant, doing the same thing, hurling stones into the windows.

"Why are they doing all this?" I said to Mike.

"Pete would do anything to cause trouble. Pete's like that all the time."

And so we followed this group of men, watching to see what they do. After about an hour of ^{these} ~~this~~ disturbances the group of men went away and scattered. And later in the next morning we heard that they had shattered the door of a meat market, and looted the whole place.

On Tuesday everything ^{returned} ~~remained~~ almost back to normal.

"It' over very fast, isn't it?" I said to Mike.

"Yeah," Mike said, "I knew it won't last very long."

"I understand that Pete and Mitchell are arrested late last night."

"I heard too," Mike said. "It's people like that that caused all these trouble," Mike said. "They grab hold of opportunities like this to cause trouble. I'm glad they put 'em in the pen."

That's why I don't think that Mike is a communist. Because communist don't talk like that.

The days went by, and soon the city returned to normal. The cars ^{ran} ~~ran~~ again, and once more the noise of the automobiles filled the street.

But still Mike and I had nothing permanent to do. We picked up a little here and there, but nothing to keep us out of poverty or unemployment.

I still wondered why there was a general strike in the city. It didn't do anyone any good.

I hope I will have something to do soon, otherwise I will have to hop along to another city where things are better.

Roy Johnston entered the SERA pay office at eleven o'clock. The big room was congested with a huge crowd of people, waiting for their pay checks. The people huddled together, and there was hardly room for anyone to pass through. There were five or six long lines of people waiting, and the long queues, composed of many groups of patiently waiting people, were restless. Some of the men and women had been waiting here since early morning. The lines moved forward with leisurely pace, so slowly, that they seemed immobile. There were Italians, Americans, Spanish, Negroes, Orientals, men from all classes and all walks of life.

Roy Johnston looked around the great crowd of people. He saw men, poor, ragged, thin, men who would probably be starving, and unemployed now, if it wasn't for the help of the SERA.

Tuesday was always payday for SERA workers, and this was Roy Johnston first money in a long time. He waited in line with the others, with great anticipation. He hadn't earned money for so long, such a long time, that now, he couldn't believe he was to get a check for twenty-two fifty.

He stood in one of the long lines, right behind a man with a dirty face, and dirty clothes. The man said to his companion beside him, "Some of the most intelligent people in this state are standing here in this line, people with brains and ability, much superior to some of those politicians in office today. Why, some of those men ought to be kicked out of office. We won't have any SERA if they know how to run a country."

His companion, a young man, answered, "That's what I always say. Those politicians have ideas that are too far behind the time. They do not realize that the world is changing, and conditions are rapidly changing nowadays."

The other man said, "I only make ten dollars a week. I work two weeks a month. Why, God damn it. That's not enough to raise my wife and three children."

"They're giving out free supplies now, down near Grove Street. They're giving it out today," the other said.

The man with the dirty clothes said, "I haven't got my food ticket yet, and I don't know if I ever get it."

Roy Johnston listened to the two men talking. He was startled by this intense and fiery talk of the two SERA workers. But the two men continued talking, unconscious that others were watching them and listening to them. Roy could not but overhear what they were saying.

The lines moved forward slowly. The mob did not push or fight. Above all this, there rose a murmuring, and the voices of the huge gathering rolled through the large room.

Roy looked at his watch, and was surprised to know that he had been standing in the line for almost thirty minutes. Perhaps longer.

A man in the middle of the room yelled out with a strong voice, "Get in the right lines, folks." Roy did not know whether he was in the right line or not. He finally asked the man in front of him, "What line is this, the Oakland or the Berkeley?" Then he added, "I'm new here. And I don't know which is which."

The man said, "This is the Oakland line. The L's and

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Z's in this line. The A's and K's on the other line."

"Thanks, I'm in the right line," Roy said.

The long columns of people moved forward so slowly that for a moment Roy thought he would stay here forever. He stared around the building. It was a huge place, very large and spacious. The cigarette and cigar smoke threw a choking feeling in the whole place. From up above the sunlight shone garingly down in the men and women standing there.

In a far corner a carpenter was hammering away, his hammer striking against the wood in loud, bold strokes.

There ^{was} were about a thousand people standing in the lines, yet the bigness, the vastness of the enormous place dwarfed the great crowd, and at a mere glance they seemed like a mere handful of people. They talked together, waited patiently, smiled now and then.

Roy shifted uneasily on his feet. He glanced at his watch again, and discovered that it was almost noontime. He moved about twenty yard^s during this last hour. There were still many men and women in front of him.

An old woman with a pale face and wearing old rimmed glasses approached him and said, "Won't you add your name to the old age pension plan?"

Roy said, "I don't quite understand it."

The old woman answered, "Well, the p~~lan~~ works like this. Each month the federal government would set aside a certain amount of ^{money} ~~moeny~~ to give to the old folks to spend. They have to be a certain age, before they could receive this pension."

"It's something like the Townsend plan[?]," Roy said.

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

The second part of the report deals with the financial situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

The third part of the report deals with the social situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

The fourth part of the report deals with the economic situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

The fifth part of the report deals with the political situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

The sixth part of the report deals with the cultural situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

The seventh part of the report deals with the educational situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

The eighth part of the report deals with the health situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

The ninth part of the report deals with the environment situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

The tenth part of the report deals with the international situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and the plans for the future.

"Yes," the old woman said. "Won't you add your name to this list who approves of the plan?"

Roy hesitated for a moment.

The man in front of him said, "It's all right. All they want is your signature. You won't get into any trouble."

Roy signed.

"Wait," the old woman said, "your name and address, please."

Roy put that down. The old woman went up the line, asking every men and women to sign the list. Some did, Some did not.

"Get in the right lines, folks, Oakland over here, Berkeley over there," the man in the middle of the room was still yelling, looking this way and that.

A short man came by, yelling, "SERA paper, SERA paper, get yours now. SERA paper." He gave each one a paper, then passed on to the other end of the room.

Slowly, like a crawling snake, the lines moved forward. Roy saw that there were only seven more men in front of him. He got out his pink identification card, and work order.

Ten minutes flew quickly by. There was only the man with dirty clothes in front of Roy.

The man handed his work order to the paymaster.

The paymaster said, "Your pink card?"

"I left it home," the man said.

"You can't get your check unless you bring your pink card. You have to come back later and get it. We don't close here until four."

The man said, "God damn it."

Roy approached the paymaster. Just then the siren of

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the Oakland Tribune rang out loudly.

The paymaster said to Roy, "Sorry. But you'll have to come back at one. This is the lunch hour." And he picked up his checks, and disappeared. Roy was astounded at this sudden halting. Here he had been waiting an hour, and he did not get his check. Everyone of the paymasters left the building, and only a small crowd of people was left in the place.

The crowd scattered into small groups. Roy was left alone with no one to talk to. He decided that he would wait there until one. A man came over and introduced himself.

"Tough luck. It happened to me once too. I was ready to get my check, and the same thing happened to me. I stood in line for almost two hours, and I didn't get it."

"How long have you worked in the SERA?" Roy asked him.

"About two months," the man answered.

"What do you do?"

"I worked in the water pipes."

Roy said, "That must be hard work."

"No, not for me," the man said. "What do you do?"

"I write interviews of people," Roy told him.

"Well, that's an easy job then."

"Quite easy."

Roy noticed the man closely. He was wearing old clothes, a broken pair of shoes, and his face was not cleanly shaven. The man had a grin, and a very infectious smile in his eyes. He was very talkative, taking about this and that. Roy came to know him very well indeed.

The man said to Roy, "I heard that they are planning to

cut the wages of the workers in the SERA from twenty to fifty percent soon. If they are going to do that, I'll quit. There's no use standing in this damned line waiting so long and for so little money. Even now, they don't pay the workers enough."

"Fifty percent!" Roy was startled. "Why are they doing it?"

"According to the papers, they say that they have not enough funds from the federal government to go on with some of the projects. I understand that they are planning to drop some of the projects completely. Of course, the government in Sacramento is trying to raise some funds so that the projects could be continued."

Roy thought for a moment. Fifty percent. That meant he would get ten dollars and ten cents every week, instead of twenty-two fifty. And he only worked two weeks in a month.

He said, "I only hope this thing would be settled to everyone's satisfaction."

The man pointed around the room, "Some of the biggest crooks in this country are here. Some of them are rich, but they act as though they are poor, and try to cheak money from the SERA. Did you read about the man who worked in two different projects using two different names? By this method he makes two times as much as he really ought to make. And then there are others well off, who get work in the SERA for those certain days they are not working, and make money in spite of the fact that they are rich. This kind of crookedness is not fair to us. There are many who need help but could not obtain it. I know a man who has a big family, and he is unemployed. He could not get work to do. They told him that they would ~~look~~

"The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the heat. It was a sticky, oppressive heat that seemed to wrap around me like a heavy blanket. I had heard that the weather in this part of the country was terrible, but I didn't realize it would be so intense. The sun was beating down on my face, and the air was thick with humidity. I took a deep breath, trying to get used to it, but all I could taste was the salt of my own sweat. I looked around at the unfamiliar landscape, feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness. This was my first time in a new place, and I was determined to make the most of it. I knew that the heat would be a challenge, but I was also curious about the culture and the people. I was ready for whatever came my way.

As I walked further into the town, I noticed that the heat was getting even more intense. The streets were paved with dark, baked earth that absorbed the sun's rays. The buildings were made of light-colored mud-brick, which helped to reflect the heat. I saw many people walking around, some wearing traditional head coverings to protect themselves from the sun. I felt a bit out of place in my modern clothing, but I tried to blend in as best I could. The air was so thick that it felt like I was walking through a wall of heat. I kept reminding myself that this was just a temporary discomfort. I was here to explore and learn, and I was determined to push through the heat. I saw a small shop on the corner where people were buying and selling various goods. I stopped for a moment to look at the items, but the heat was too much for me. I quickly turned away and continued on my way, feeling a bit more at ease now that I had seen some of the local life.

I continued walking down the main street, which was lined with more shops and houses. The heat was still there, but I was starting to get used to it. I saw a group of children playing in the shade of a large tree on the side of the road. They were laughing and running around, completely unaffected by the heat. I felt a bit envious of their carefree attitude. I was so used to the heat in my home country that I didn't realize how much it affected me. I took another deep breath, trying to clear my mind. I was here for a reason, and I was going to make the most of it. I saw a small courtyard with a fountain in the middle. The water was bubbling, and it seemed to provide a little relief from the heat. I stopped for a moment to look at it, but the heat was too much for me. I quickly turned away and continued on my way, feeling a bit more at ease now that I had seen some of the local life.

I was walking towards the center of the town when I noticed a group of people gathered around a small table. They were looking at something on the table with interest. I stopped for a moment to look at it, but the heat was too much for me. I quickly turned away and continued on my way, feeling a bit more at ease now that I had seen some of the local life. I saw a small courtyard with a fountain in the middle. The water was bubbling, and it seemed to provide a little relief from the heat. I stopped for a moment to look at it, but the heat was too much for me. I quickly turned away and continued on my way, feeling a bit more at ease now that I had seen some of the local life. I saw a small courtyard with a fountain in the middle. The water was bubbling, and it seemed to provide a little relief from the heat. I stopped for a moment to look at it, but the heat was too much for me. I quickly turned away and continued on my way, feeling a bit more at ease now that I had seen some of the local life. I saw a small courtyard with a fountain in the middle. The water was bubbling, and it seemed to provide a little relief from the heat. I stopped for a moment to look at it, but the heat was too much for me. I quickly turned away and continued on my way, feeling a bit more at ease now that I had seen some of the local life.

look into his case, and now it has been many months, but they did not do anything. Right now this man is hoping, waiting. He'll probably get nothing to do."

Roy was startled by the man's frank speech.

Roy said, "I got on the writing project after a great deal of trouble. One of the SERA men came down to my house and asked one question after another, about, rent, gas, electric and water bills. Then how much I got in the bank, and about life insurance and a lot of other things."

"I went through the same thing," the man said.

Suddenly Roy said, "By the way, I don't even know your name."

"Evans, Bill Evans."

"I'm Roy Johnston," Roy said.

At that moment a noticeable stir in the great throng surged through the building. Immediately everyone rushed to get into place. The paymasters were back, already having ^{finished} their lunch. Roy found himself near the end of the line again. He was so interested in talking to Mr. Evans that he almost forgot where he was, and he knew that he had a long time to wait. Again the murmurings and mutterings of the crowd surged into the air like undulations of sound waves, falling and rising, loud and soft. Roy looked around at the different people in the lines. Near him was a lean emaciated old man. He was talking to a woman companion.

"I don't know what's the matter with this country. Here nobody gets any work to do. This is the richest country in the world, and yet there are more men unemployed in this

prosperous country than in any other country. The country where I came from everybody is poor, but everyone gets work to do there."

"The rich gets all the money, and the poor gets nothing," the woman beside responded.

Roy was again startled by the way these people talked. Some even talked radically. Current events, political news, and whatever they felt like talking.

The doors opened and shut, people became more and more crowded in the dense gathering. People came in and out, in and out. Roy wondered again whether he was in the right line or not. With leisurely pace, the lines, somehow managed to go forward. After many weary moments Roy was surprised to find himself in front of the paymaster. Roy handed his pink card to the paymaster. The paymaster looked through the thick pile of checks, but he could not find any for Roy.

"Oh, yes, you're in the wrong line," he said. You see that man in blue, take your card to him, and he'll fix you up."

Roy answered quickly, "I'm in the right line. I live in Oakland, I work in Oakland. This is the Oakland line, isn't it?"

"Where do you usually get your check?" the paymaster asked.

"This is my first."

"Where do you report for work?"

"Berkeley."

"You get your check in the Berkeley line, over there."

Roy started to go over to the next line. The paymaster stopped him and said, "Remember, from now on you get your

check in the Berkeley line." He added, "You bring your pink card to the man in blue, he'll fix you up."

Roy did as he was told. The man in blue searched through his checks.

"I'm sorry, but I cannot give you this check. They made a mistake in the number. The number in the check does not correspond with the number in your pink card. Do you know how much you should get this week?"

"Twenty-two fifty."

"That's right. But I'm going to make you take a little trip down to the main office. You go to the office in Twenty-First Street, and asked for this man, here, I give you his name. You better go right away if you wish to get your check today. Otherwise you will have to get it next week on Tuesday."

The pay office ^{closed} ~~closed~~ at four. Roy still had two hours to make it. He felt a little discouraged, after all this waiting, to go through all this trouble for a check. But he didn't mind. This is the first money he had earned in a long time. Roy took a street car and got off at Twenty-First and Broadway, and walked down toward Webster Street.

He looked at the piece of paper that the paymaster gave him. There was an address, and also the name of the man he was to talk to. Roy walked down the street, and he found the place. There many groups of poor and tired looking men gathered together. Roy entered the door, and found himself in a very crowded hallway. There were many long benches on the brick floor, but hardly anyone sat ^{down} ~~down~~, most of the men were standing up.

line." He asked, "How long have you been in line?"

"I'm sorry, but I cannot give you this check. The number in the check does not correspond with the number in your bank card. So you must wait until you receive the check this week."

"That's right. But I'm going to make you wait a little longer. You go to the office in Twenty-first street, and asked for this man, name, I give you his name."

He took a little disorganized, after all this waiting, to go through all this trouble for a check. But he didn't mind. This is the first money he had earned in a long time. He took a street car and got off at Twenty-first and Broadway, and

he looked at the place of report that the newspaper gave him. There was an address, and also the name of the man he was to talk to. He walked down the street, and he found the place. There were many groups of poor and tired looking men standing there. He entered the door, and found himself in a very bad hallway. There were many long benches on the floor, and many men and women sitting on them. Some were sleeping, some were talking, and some were crying.

Roy looked around, and saw a window which bore the word, "Information." A group of men was standing right in front of it, crowding and pushing each other. But there was no one behind that window.

A door opened, and the men looked up.

A man came out and called, "Mr. Livingston."

A man standing at the far end of the hall answered, "Here."

Mr. Livingston came forward, and he entered into a room from which the loud clattering of the typewriters could be heard clearly outside. Roy got a glimpse of the inside room. He saw many young ladies sitting, typing furiously, working rapidly and hard. Roy was stunned by this confusion, this indefiniteness, this noise, everybody seemed to be looking, waiting, and not knowing why they were doing it.

A man sitting on one of the long benches spat on the floor, and he followed that with a furious and loud cough.

Roy stood in the middle of the room, not knowing what to do, what to ask. He gathered his courage up and approached a man and demanded, "Can you tell me where I can find this man?"

Roy showed the paper to him.

"I got to see him because of a mistake in my check."

The man studied the paper attentively for a moment, then said, "You see that group of people over there. Go over there and wait with them. The man who takes care of these matters would be out soon."

Roy thought, more waitingⁱ for me.

A man came out from the small door in the end of the hall. He approached toward the group of people near Roy.

He addressed a young woman, "All right, Miss Wills, we got it all fixed for you. Take this down to the pay office, they'll pay you this time."

"Thanks a lot," the young woman said, "This is the second time it happened to me. I don't understand why."

"Mistakes like this come up again and again. We try our best to avoid it, but in such a big project, it is almost impossible. I'm sure you understand."

The lady thanked the man, and went out into the streets.

"Next please."

Roy came up.

"They sent me down because of my check."

"Oh, yes."

The man turned to another man and said, "Bob, you look this one up. Get it fixed up, and give it back to this young man here."

Then turning to Roy he said, "Did you get your food card yet? Right at the next table."

Roy went over to the next table. Many men were waiting there.

A lady was saying in a loud voice, "I came here four or five times, and everytime they told me that my food card is not ready. What is the matter? I live so far away, and I cannot come down here everyday."

"Let me see your pink card. I'm sorry, Miss Bronson. We have been having a lot of trouble with the B's. You leave your name and address here, and as soon as the card is ready we will sent it to you."

Miss Bronson left her name, and quickly walked away, slam-

ming the doors shut as she left.

Roy came up, and handed his card to the man.

"Let's see, Johnston. Here it is." The man gave the card to Roy, and Roy put it in his pocket.

A ~~555555~~ man beside Roy took a bottle from his pocket, and drank a heavy dose. Roy moved uncomfortably. After the long hours of waiting, he was tired. His back hurt, and his legs felt heavy

Someone called out, "Roy Johnston."

Roy woke with a start.

"Here," he answered.

"All right, it's all fixed up now. You better hurry if you wish to get that check today." Roy looked at his watch. It was almost four now.

He walked to Broadway and took a street car down to the pay office. In less than ten minutes he reached it. The place was not crowded like the early morning.

The paymaster said to him, "I see you are back again. I am sorry to have to make you take that long trip, but it is the rule." He searched over the checks.

"Here it is, sign this please."

Roy heaved a sigh of relief. A whole day gone, but he got his money. Another Tuesday is almost over.

"SERA paper, SERA paper," a man was still yelling.

Roy looked around. Men came in, came out. The doors opened, then shut.

With tired steps Roy walked toward home. Until next Tuesday, then he would have to wait again.

1. The first part of the report is devoted to a general

description of the country and its people.

2. The second part of the report is devoted to a detailed

description of the country and its people.

3. The third part of the report is devoted to a detailed

description of the country and its people.

4. The fourth part of the report is devoted to a detailed

description of the country and its people.

5. The fifth part of the report is devoted to a detailed

description of the country and its people.

6. The sixth part of the report is devoted to a detailed

The night was dark like hell, and the freight train rumbled loudly over the bumps on the track, and a slight rain was falling.

I was cold and wet, so I leaned toward a corner in the empty freight car to avoid the falling water that had dripped on my face and woke me up, after I had fallen asleep. The night was cold and chilly, and through a small crack on the wall of the freight car I peered out into the countryside. The whole land was a barren and desolate desert, and wild sagebrush grew all along the wide expanse of land.

Damn it all, how much longer do I have to wait before I get to the city. I'm going to Cal to get a job for myself. There ain't nothing doing in the East. The West's the place now.

The train rumbled on, (the and) monotonous rhythm of the the wheels forever turning and revolving once more made me drift off in the land of sleep. When I awoke a bright sun was shining, and the rain and wind had gone off into the distance.

Gee, this looks like sunny Cal. I wonder if it can be. I'll find out soon.

I opened the door of the freight car slightly. Instead of barren desert I now saw trees, and purple hills far away, and beyond those hills, the city.

Perhaps I'll land in Frisco. I wonder if my pal Steve is still there. Or maybe I land in L. A. Well, it don't matter. Any city is O. K. with me.

Miles after miles of land went by. First we saw the desert, then the green rolling land, and then the desert again. The train rumbled on through the land.

and the freight train rumbled
on the tracks, and a slight rain was falling
and wet, so I looked to the corner in the night.
The freight car to which the falling water had dripped on
the roof was up, after I had fallen asleep. The night was
cold and chilly, and through a small crack on the wall of the
freight car I peered out into the countryside. The whole land
was a barren and desolate desert, and with scattered trees all

around it was, now and then, a few
trees to the city. I'm going to get a job for myself.
There ain't nothing doing in the desert. The desert's one of

The train rumbled on, and the wheels forever turning and revolving once more made me
drift off in the land of sleep. When I woke a bright sun was
shining, and the rain and wind had gone off into the distance.

I opened the door of the freight car and stepped out. I
and beyond those hills, the city.
Perhaps I'll find it there. I wonder if my old cave is
still there. Or maybe I find it in L. A. Well, it don't matter.

After a few miles of land went by. First we saw the
green rolling land, and then the desert again.
Through the land.

The night came again, and I was anxious to get off the train. I was tired of shifting from car to car, city to city. I wished to land somewhere in Cal, in either Frisco or L. A.

The train was passing slowly through a city. It was deep night, and I saw the bright lights away in the distance. I decided to jump train then.

I opened the door, and with one mighty jump I landed in the sand and dirt.

Very close to me was a big expanse of water, dark and menacing in the night.

The city was asleep, and I decided that in the morning I would try to get something to do if possible.

Morning. The sun was shining, and I drew in a big full breath, inhaling the fresh air of golden Cal. It sure was swell.

I felt a little hungry, and I decided to pick up what I can, anything to get away that gnawing feeling in my stomach.

There were freight trains all around, some standing in the bright sun like phantoms, unused, unknown. The cartracks stretched far into the distance, making intricate patterns where they intersected each other. I walked along the street and noticed many wholesale fruit stores, ^{and} poultry shops along the walk. The smell of fresh fruit made me hungry. I approached a man and said, "Can you spare me anything? I've haven't eaten for many hours."

He looked at me, staring at my dirty hats and clothes, my face and hands.

He went into the shop and came out with two oranges.

"That's all I got," he said.

"Gee, thanks a lot, mister," I said.

I sat down on the sidewalk, and slowly ate the oranges, feeling stronger and full. But I wished more, for I was still hungry. I went down to Chinatown, very close to the waterfront.

There were many Chink joints, and those Chinks came in and out, chattering loudly. I guessed those damned Chinks are no good. They don't give me anything. Damn 'em all.

There was nothing that I can do, so I wandered around the city, unfamiliar, lost. And it was then that I met Mike. He was standing in the corner of Franklin Street, surrounded by a group of unemployed men. The group of men were standing in front of the employment agency, some talking, others reading and some just sitting there in the sun, doing nothing.

I saw a small restaurant there. On the window there was a sign. GOOD FOOD AT CHEAP PRICES. I had nothing in my pocket, having used up my last money in Chicago, going around with that dame there.

Very soon I saw the man Mike came up to me.

"What's the matter?" Mike said, "Hungry?"

I said, "Yeah."

"How long since you've eaten?"

"Two days ago."

Mike said, "Come on in, the treat's on me this time."

We went into the five cents restaurant, and sat down at one of the wooden tables without any tablecloth.

"I never saw you around here before," Mike told me.

"I just got in," I answered.

"Jump train?"

"Yeah."

"Looking for a job?"

"Yeah."

Mike gazed at me with attention.

"You're quite young to go on the road."

"I'm twenty."

"No work at home, huh?"

I nodded.

"And you thought of coming here to get something to do."

I nodded again.

Mike he leaned forward and said, "Well, buddy, you might just as well get it all straight. This city is like any other city. There ain't no work here for anyone right now. You might just as well hop along and go home."

"I can't go home now," I said, "I just got to get something to do."

The waiter brought coffee, doughnuts, pies, and soup. Mike he just drank a small cup of coffee.

"Everyone calls me Mike," Mike said. "What's your name?"

"Joe," I told him.

"Well, I'm mighty glad to meet you, Joe," he said.

And from that instant Mike and I became close friends.

I finished my dinner in a gulp, it seemed, being very hungry all at once.

"Thanks for the dinner," I said.

"Forget it," Mike said. "Next time you'll treat me."

We went outside among the unemployed man.

Mike said, "You know, Joe," he said, "I really don't think you should go around the country, bumming around like this. It will never get you anywhere."

"Oh, I don't know," I answered.

"Yeah."

"I'm going to go on the road."

"I'm coming."

"I'm coming."

"I'm coming."

"And you thought of coming here to get something to do."

I nodded again.

Like he leaned forward and said, "Well, buddy, you might

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"I want to stay here," I said. "I want to stay here."

"You don't want^t to lead this kind of life forever."

"I guess not."

"I've been the way I am for the last four years," Mike said, "and I haven't gotten any where yet. I know this sort of life, hunger and worry. It's all right for me, no family, no relations, nothing to worry about. But you got a family, friends, your future. You're still young yet."

I listened to Mike talk on.

"I just wanted to get away from home," I answered.

"Got any place to sleep?"

"No."

"You can come and live me for awhile, but don't expect too much."

I said, "That'd be swell."

We walked down the street toward Mike's place.

This city was like all the rest of the cities that I've been to. No work for anybody, and most of the time^y spent in the park, sleeping on the grass, day in and day out. One of those flat foot dicks just about chased me out of town the other day. But what can a person do? I'm trying like hell to get a job, but no going for me or anyone's else. Mike's been swell to me. I just can't go on like this, letting him support me all the time. Sometimes Mike and I got a little work to do, nothing regular, but enough to keep us from starving. Mike managed to gather a little loose change here and there, and once he even got fifty cents. He went into one of those Chink joint, and he said, "I just got out of the hospital. Can you spare five cents to me? I'm taking the

nickel ferry for Frisco."

And he got the money too, easy as hell, believe me. Then he went into another Chink joint and said the same thing. But those Chinks got wise to him soon. And Mike no longer could do it again.

Both Mike and I hung around the employment agency as often as we could, but we never had anything permanent to do. We ^{went} about this life for many months. Hunger and misery we knew and dreaded.

Then one day we heard about the shipyards' strike over in Frisco, and day by day we heard more about it. In the newspaper, there were many pictures and articles. It happened that the whole affair developed into something quite serious, and one day there was a large headline in the paper.

GENERAL STRIKE TO START ON MONDAY.

Mike came in one day and he seemed very excited.

"Jesus Christ! You know what happened. I heard that there's a gasoline shortage all over the city, and that only police, fireman and ambulances could be supplied with gas. Can you beat that?"

I said, "They said here in the papers that only certain restaurants are opened, and that people have to stand in line to get their chow."

"I think you better go down to market, Joe, and get some things. Never can tell how long this's going to last."

"Sure, Mike," I said, "What you want?"

"Buy anything you like, Joe."

The market was not far, and I walked down the street. Everything was quiet and peaceful like ordinary time. It doesn't

seem possible, that Monday right here in this city a strike was to take place.

I walked down the street and entered the market. Today there was a great crowd, since it was Saturday, and Monday the strike was to start. There were a great crowd, mostly dames, pushing and trying their best to squeeze into the small grocer^{ies}_^tia. I could hardly walk through the dense throng of people. All over the market it was like this, more people coming in at every moment. I went into the grocer^{ies}_^terian and almost had to fight my way through to the end before I could catch my breath. Many of the shelves were completely empty, showing nothing but dust. I saw a woman grapping hold of all the can milk, pushing them down into her basket.

Another woman called out, "I must have some milk for my baby. Haven't you anymore?"

And the man in the white robe said, "Very sorry, madam, but all the can milk are out." A horror crept into the face of the woman. There was nothing she could do.

I brought a package of whole wheat cereal, a can of soup, and a bag of raisins. And I had to stand in the darn line for almost ~~fourty~~ forty minute before I could get out of that stuffy place. Some of those dames bought three or four basket-fuls of foodstuff.

A woman behind me said, "Why, the woman next door to us had enough stock up to last well over a month. But I can't afford anything like that."

Another woman said, "I don't think this strike can last very long. Just a few days I think."

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almost had to fight my way through to the end before I could
reach my basket. Many of the shelves were completely empty.

And the man in the white robe said, "Very sorry, madam,
of the woman. There was nothing we could do.

late of yesterday.

very late. Just a few days I think."

"Let's hope so anyway."

I looked at the long lines of people, holding on to their can peaches, can peas, can fruits. They were afraid they might lose possession of it.

Well, anyway I got out of that place after what seemed like long hours of waiting.

I brought the stuff back to Mike and he said, "Well, at least we don't have to worry for a day or two about food."

"This strike can't last very long," I said.

"I dunno," Mike said

"Those people up at the market are fighting like mad buying food," I told Mike.

"It's as bad as that."

"Yeah, I'm afraid so."

Monday, and the general strike began. I had never seen anything like it before. The pulsing city seemed to have fallen ill, and its last breath came ^{forth} ~~for~~ in gasping echoes. The people, the automobiles, the streetcars, all seemed to be hiding away somewhere, afraid. There was nobody on the street except a handful here and there. A city, a breathing, alive and awake city that had suddenly been transformed into a sick corpse.

Every store, every theatre was close^d, and the walking footsteps, the talk of human beings took on a strange and queer tone, a strangeness like the faint whispering from far away. Before we heard the rumbling automobiles, the tooting horns, and they blended into the scene of noise, of the city that was alive and breathing.

Something important was lacking, and the voidness of

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... and the walking.

nothing was very ^{queer} indeed.

Poor and ragged looking men gathered in groups in the street corners, whispering and watching everything, everybody in suspicion, so it seemed.

It was a Monday, yet like a very quiet Sunday.

Mike and I walked up Broadway. We saw a sign on the theatre. CLOSE INDEFINITELY.

The jewelry shop, the banks, the five and ten cents store. They were all close^d. And on the streets there were very few dames.

"It's sure quiet^k" I said to Mike.

"Yeah," Mike said, I've never seen a city as quiet as this before."

And the city was quiet, like something lost in the wilderness of time and space. There was a hollowness evident everywhere, in the corners, in the buildings, even in the people themselves. Mike and I walked all around the city, and everywhere we had that empty and hopeless feeling.

All around it was like this, quiet and dull, lost.

"Hell, a thing like this can't last forever," Mike said.

"I don't think so either," I answered.

Mike and I went home. That night we went for a walk along Chinatown. And gosh darn it all. It was like a ghost town, with all the regular people missing. Every store was close^d, believe it or not. And even those darn Chinks that used to sit ⁱⁿ the sidewalks were missing. Through close^d doors we saw some Chinks moving back and forth. I noticed that the restaurants were opened, and people came in and out from there.

Suddenly we saw a group of men approaching along the street.

Mike said quickly, "Let's turn down the street here. That's Pete, the radical. He's going to do something to cause trouble."

We turned down Webster Street.

The group of men approached toward a restaurant, and we could ^{hear} the loud stamping of feet as they raced up the stairs, running like wild men. We heard loud shouting, and the shattering of dishes and broken glasses. Then we saw Pete came down, followed by an eager crowd of radicals.

"Damn those Chinamen," one of the radicals said.

"I guess we show 'em what we think," another radical said.

The group of men followed Pete down the street.

"Why are they doing all this?" I said to Mike.

"Pete's like that always," Mike said, "He ^{will} do anything to cause trouble to anyone."

Somehow we found ourselves following this group of men. I was anxious to see what they were going to do.

"We better not follow too close, or people might think us as belonging to the group of men," Mike said.

We kept our distance.

The group of radicals led by Pete stopped in front of a Chink meat market.

Pete approached forward. Some of his men were holding long sticks, eager to start trouble. The Chinks inside the store stared out with frightened eyes, fear and anxiety were evident in their faces.

Suddenly there was a loud shattering of glass, and small pieces of glass ^{flew} ~~shattered~~ over the sidewalk, flying everywhere. The group of radicals rushed into the store, and there was nothing that those poor Chinks could do. The whole place was

... and we
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... were stared out with frightened eyes, fear and anxiety were
... The group of radicals rushed into the store, and there was

looted, and the men came out with ham, meat, and big cans of lard and oil. There were many spectators in the street, standing there shocked and amazed, hardly believing their eyes at what they were looking at.

One of the radicals was beating a Chinaman with furious blows, and the blood came streaming down his face in spurts.

The group of radicals yelled a loud challenge, and then rushed quickly down the street, carrying all the foodstuffs with them.

Mike and I stood there, like the rest of the spectators, looking, and doing nothing. The group of men disappeared down the street.

The next day Tuesday, we saw in the papers about the happening down ⁱⁿ Chinatown.

Mike said, "I see that Pete was arrested last night."

I said, "I'm glad they're put in the pen. They deserve it."

The days went by, and very soon the city returned back to normalcy. The streetcars ran again, the noise of the automobiles filled the street.

But still Mike and I had nothing to do. We picked up a little work to do here and there, but nothing worthwhile.

I still wondered why there was a general strike in the city. It didn't do anyone any good.

I hope someday I will have something permanent to do, otherwise I will have to hop along to another city where things are better.

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The Meeting

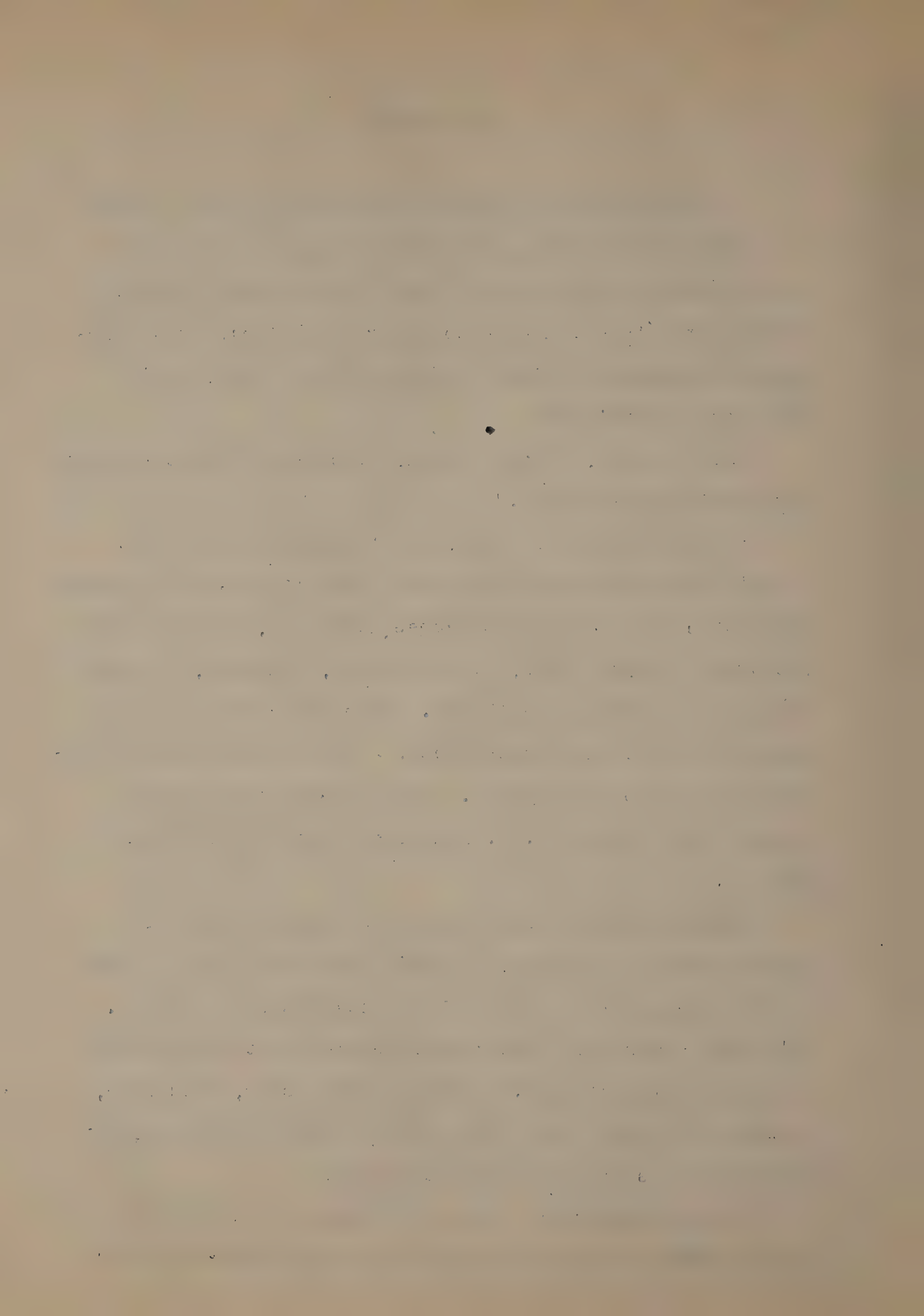
All of us workers report every morning to the office at a downtown building, and each morning we would have to sign a pink slip stating the hours that we have worked. Brother Frank and I happen to enter the building one morning and he greets me with his usual word, "Well, how're you going, my friend?"

"Not so good," I say to him, "I only got three hundred words written yesterday."

He interrupts me, "Well, that's better than I did. I can't write more than two pages, damn it all." He pushed the button and the elevator comes down soon, and the woman who opens the door says, "Good morning, children," for she always calls everyone children. Then she closes the door and up we go to the fourth floor. We come out of the elevator and go into the office. Then we sign our names on a chart and give our I. D. number and the time that we sign in.

Comrade Anton is standing by the table reading the Pacific Weekly. He says, "I don't see why we have to come up here every morning just to sign our names on a paper. It's just a waste of time when we could use the same time for doing a lot of work." Brother Frank says, "You know, I agree with you. But this is just a lot of red tape, you know how it is with this kind of a job."

The timekeeper Mr. Jones who many of us disliked greatly ~~was~~ is putting up a notice on the bulletin board.



All of us workers go over and read it. It is nothing important except that the W. P. A. is giving a concert and everyone is invited with members of ~~####~~ his family.

"I guess I go to work now," Comrade Anton says. "I am a little behind my work."

"Where are you going," Brother Frank says.

"To the library," Comrade Anton says.

"I go with you," Brother Frank says.

They start to go out, and I call after them, "See you tomorrow."

When they get out to the hall a negro boy says to them, "There is going to be a meeting at nine-thirty this morning, and you better stay for it." So Comrade Anton and Brother Frank come back into the room. I ask them why they have come back, and Brother Frank says, "There's going to be a meeting at nine-thirty and everyone is going to be present." Just then the time keeper Mr. Jones gets up from his seat and he says, "Everybody give me your attention. There is going to be a meeting this morning at nine thirty and everybody must stay for it." Then he sits down and continue to type rapidly.

"I wonder what's up," I say to Comrade Anton.

"I dunno," he says, "maybe nothing important."

Well, we wait in the room and talk and talk and soon the clock shows that it is over nine-thirty. Brother Frank asks the timekeeper how much longer do we have to wait.

"Just as soon as everyone is here, we will go on with the meeting," he says.

All of us ~~are~~ is tired of waiting and we go out into the hall for a smoke. Soon it is ten o'clock and the meeting is still not held yet. Just when we are tired of waiting any longer, we hear the voice of the supervisor, "Is everyone here? Everybody into the room," he calls out loudly. Then all of us go into the room, standing around the walls. Some of the boys bring some chairs in for the dames to sit down.

The room is quiet and the supervisor begins.

"I'm afraid I have some rather bad news for you. I just received a letter this morning stating that twenty-six workers are to be cut off from this project. This is something that cannot be helped. There are eighty-nine of us working as relief and non-relief worker, and according to the instructions that I have just received we could only keep fifty-eight relief workers, and five non-relief workers. It states in this letter that special attention must be paid ^{to} ~~the~~ persons with ability. So that the ones who will be cut off will be those whose ability are not up to those that we shall keep on. That is a hard thing to do. Personally I think that everyone here has ability to a certain degree, otherwise you would not be on this project. But as I said before, ^{these} ~~the~~ instructions are from the Federal Government, and not only is this project affected by this, but all other projects, I understand, is affected also." He stops for awhile and ~~looks~~ ^{looks} around the room. Everyone is silent. Then he continues, "The floor is open for discussion, and if anyone here has anything to say you can discuss it right here."

Comrade Vronsky who is sitting at the back of the room suddenly stands and up and says, "I think a committee should be appointed to protest against these cuts. We should take action now and do something about it." He sits down and for a minute nobody says anything. Then Brother Adams who is standing against the wall says, "I move that a committee be appointed to protest against these cuts."

"I second the motion," Comrade Hart says.

The supervisor says to the group, "The suggestion has been moved and seconded that a committee be appointed to protest ~~#####~~ against the cuts. All in favor says, Aye."

"Aye," the whole room resounds with the ~~#####~~ word.

"All oppose says, No."

The room is quiet.

"I think the first thing to be done," the supervisor says, "is to appoint a chairman and secretary. Nominations are now open."

Sister Janice stands up and says, "I nominate Brother Frank to be chairman." From all sides of the room, I could hear secondnings of the motions. Brother Frank is elected chairman by a big majority. And Sister Carson is elected secretary.

Then the supervisor steps aside and the chairman conducts the meeting. "Is there any more discussion?" he ~~###~~ asks. Someone in the back of the room stands up.

"When is this cut to take place?" she asks.

"On December fifteenth," the chairman says.

"But why," she demands.

"As the supervisor said, the federal government is setting a new quota, and many would have to be put off."

A man in the back of the room says, "I really think that the Union should do something about this. After all the union is a central unit and it would have more force if each one of us object ~~individually~~ individually." There is a murmur around the room agreeing with what has just been said.

Comrade Vronsky says, "I ^{move} ~~propose~~ that the union should lodge whatever protests it sees fit."

"I second the motion," Sister Terlazzo says

"The suggestion has been moved and seconded that the union should lodge whatever protests it sees fit. All in favor says aye."

The whole room sounds with the word.

The motion is passed.

"Is there anything more to discuss?" ~~Brother~~ Brother Frank asks.

Sister Terlazzo says, "In case the union fails to accomplish results I think it is a good idea to discuss the transferrring of workers over to other projects in case they are dropped from this project."

"Has anyone anything to say about that?" Brother Frank asks.

Sister White stands up. "It seems to me that it is a waste of time to talk about transferring workers to other projects when we know that the other projects are also cutting down the quota of eligibles. I think that we

should direct all our efforts to resisting the cuts rather than to discussion of transferring of other workers to the the different projects."

"I agree with Sister White," Brother Frank says.

"We could discuss the transferring of workers to other projects at the proper time."

Comrade Terpak says, "I wish to make a suggestion. I have seen things like this happen. When I was working on another project not so long ago I was transferred over to another worker project. Not long after that I was again transferred over to another one. Sometimes it takes two or three weeks before we can get from one working job to another and during that time we got to eat. I would not approve of transferring people from one job to another. I think we should use all our energy in protesting against the cuts here."

And everyone nods his head in agreement.

Someone suggests, "I think that we should take up a collection now so as to enable the union to do what they wish to do."

"I second the motion," Comrade Vronsky says.

Brother Frank gives a hat to me and I go around to everyone collecting money. We count the money afterward and find that we collected about four dollars.

"Of course," Brother Frank suggests afterward, "we might need some more money. In that case everyone would be assessed of an equal amount to help along."

Someone protests, "I don't think everyone should be assessed of an equal amount. There are some here who have ~~big~~ big families, and they would not be able to donate as much as the person who has but a few in the family."

"I think everyone should be assessed an equal amount," Sister Carrie says, "otherwise some of us would be carrying the burden. I know there are some people here who never donate anything, and I think by assessing everyone would be doing his share."

Someone says, "I move that everyone be assessed of an equal amount." The motion is seconded and passed.

Then there are discussions of many topics. In the end Brother Frank says, "We will take up further topics in our next meeting, and in conclusion let me say that if there is anyone here who hasn't join the union, you should do so now, for it is better to pay twenty-five cents a month to the union than lose a pay check."

Everyone claps his hands loudly.

The meeting is dismissed.

A Husband

Jon Lee

In a previous article we pointed out the fact that there are many families who are separated by the Pacific Ocean.

Here we have another man who came over to America alone after he had married in China.

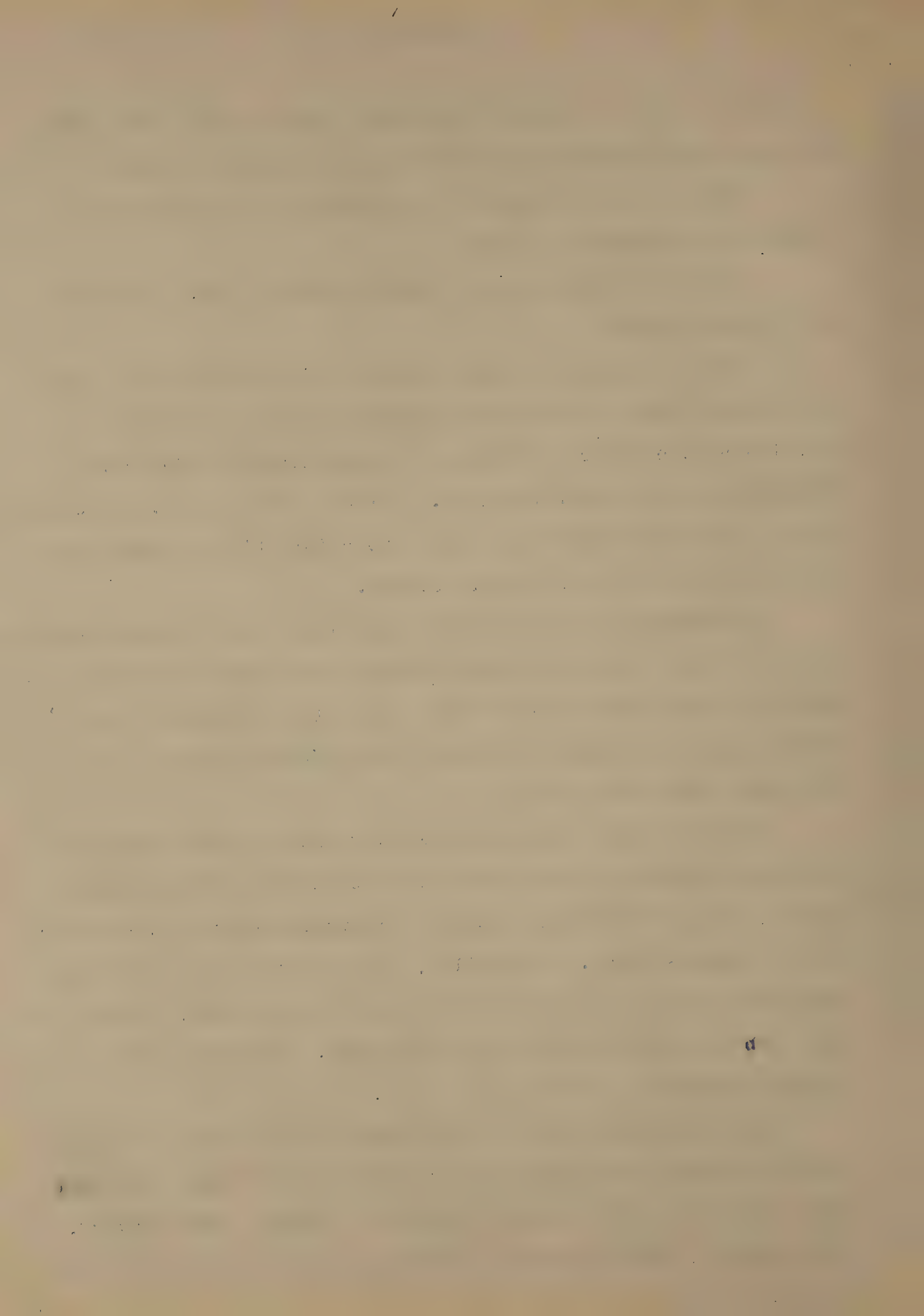
Two of his children were born in China. One is born in the United States.

The man himself is born in China. So is his wife. The man married when he was twenty-two years of age. His wife married at the age of nineteen. The man stayed in China the first ten years of married life. During that time two girls were born. The man wished for a boy. But before his wish came true he was called over here by his cousin.

In Canton alone the people spoke over ten different dialects. By the way the different people spoke it was always possible to tell as to the section where they came from. There are many people today who could understand the different dialects but could not speak them at all.

When the first Chinese came over they brought with them their own dialect. Since the Chinese came from all sections of Canton, all the different dialects are represented in the speech of the Chinese today. In English, by sound only, the different dialects could be translated as follow: The Lone Doe, The Say Yup The Hur~~n~~ San, The Gow Gong, and Soon Duck. These are the most common. There are a few more.

But the funny thing was the fact that as a rule the people who came from a certain section of Canton were so much different from the people from another section of Canton. Their speech, their action, their manners, and their physical appearance were



different.

In a story entitled "American Family" written by Faith Baldwin, there was a certain paragraph in which the wife of the doctor arrived in China for the first time in her life. Seeing the great multitude of Chinese she exclaimed, "But they all look alike." To the people of the western world most Chinese look alike. But there are some who could not even tell the difference between a Chinese and a Japanese. But a Chinese could always tell the region where another Chinese came from and what kind of dialect he spoke.

But the point that we are trying to point out is this. The people who speak a certain dialect work in professions that the other people who speak a different dialect would not do.

In Oakland this rule works^K a hundred percent true. Well, ninety-nine percent anyway. On eight street there are a great number of food stores. Without a single exception they are run and own by the Say Yup people. While right next door is a fish and poultry store. And it is run by a Lone Doe man. A few doors from that there is another poultry store. It, too, is run by a Lone Doe man. The different meat markets are run by the Gow Gong people. Generally speaking all the other professions are like that. Of course, as in other things, there are exceptions.

This man is a Hurn San man.

The Hurn San people are rather calm. Physically they are not as strong as the other people. Because of that they do not do the hard physical work like the Say Yup.

In San Francisco all of the dress making shops are owned by the Hurn San people. They are the tailors, the dress makers.

The man had a cousin over here in San Francisco. The cousin owned a dress making shop. The cousin finally told the man to come over and helped with the work. This man was always writing to the cousin and asking the cousin to give him a job.

The man came to this country at the age of thirty-three. His cousin immediately taught him the art of cutting clothes and he also taught him how to use the electric machine. Soon the man became an expert in the trade. He was almost as good as the cousin.

The man worked and saved up his money. Soon he decided to bring his family over. In 1925 the wife and the two daughters arrived. And she shocked the town because she arrived in this country with her hair bobbed. The fact is that she bobbed her hair many many years before the people over here ever thought anything about it. This is one time when the dormant little villages really put something over on the big cities.

The two daughters by this time were about fourteen and twelve respectively speaking.

In 1929 another baby was born to the proud mother. This time-a boy. And the father was proud of his accomplishment. He spent over a thousand dollars in the celebration of the baby. To some Chinese people a thousand dollars saved up was their life's earning.

One thing you can say about the Chinese people. No matter how poor or how broke they are, whenever a member of their family gets married or have a baby, they always celebrated their heads off. Literary speaking, of course.

After the birth of this baby boy the mother fell sick. She had never completely recovered from her illness. Today she com-

~~The man had a cousin over here in San Francisco. The cousin owned a dress making shop. The cousin finally told the man to come over and help with the work. This man was always writing to the cousin and asking the cousin to give him a job.~~

about this and about that.

The man, when he was a little boy, was known by his friends as a sissy boy. He was weak, thin, undernourished, and pale and he had as much pep and sparkle as overnight soda water. He was not sick nor was he suffering from any sort of chronic illness. He was just born like that. As Popeye the sailor said, "I yam what I yam." And the man is what he is.

Today he is still rather delicate. His hands are a smooth blue color through which the blue veins show still bluer. His forehead is very high. His face is white bluish in color. But he is never sick. Or to be more exact, rarely sick.

The man was getting along quite well until he brought his family over. After the baby boy was born he was much poorer what with the doctor bills and the huge celebration cost staring him in the face.

Money that is spent is spent and no matter how one weeps or moans it will never come back. All the money was spent for the sake of appearance.

The man left the place where he was working and he started a shop of his own. He moved over to Oakland to live. It, too, was a dress making shop. The man cut all of the clothing and his wife, whenever she could, helped with the completion of them.

The store sold high-priced silk. In the windows were displayed dazzling colors of red, blue, and breath-taking colors of the rainbow. The store sold shirts, stockings, and other clothing apparel.

The business was almost wrecked because of a robbery.

It happened on a certain holiday.

The family lived in the upper section of the house. This section of the house was connected to the lower portion, which is the store, by the simple means of a step ladder. The upper section was the living part of the house.

On this certain holiday the family was asleep. They had come home after attending the stage show in the city. They were all dead tired. Evidently some one forgot to shut the door tight.

The next morning the father woke up to find the store derived of thousands of dollars of rare silks. The man was stunned. It was a tremendous loss to him. He could not have been more shocked if he had seen the sea serpent in Loch Ness. Or was it Loch Lomond, ^{was} we forgotten..

A great amount of silk ~~were~~^{was} bought on credit. And the man did not know how in the world he was ever going to pay the bills.

And money was getting to so scarce that every cent counted as being important.

To borrow money was not an easy thing. Besides it was not easy to borrow a sufficient amount to pay for the bills.

So as a last resort the man started a "wue," (Chinese pronunciation)

As a rule when anyone was broke and could not borrow any money to pay his debts, he started a wue. The man who needed the money and who started the wue is known as the leader. If he needed a hundred dollars the plan is known as an hundred dollars wue. If he needed five hundred the plan is know as a five hundred dollars wue. The wue can be of any amonnt as desired.

This man needed about six hundred dollars in order to pull him through the ordeal. So he started a six hundred dollar wue.

By way of explanation of the wue he said, "Before anyone could start a wue, he has to have enough participants willing to join in the plan. In my case I need 20 people. People that I can trust. Each member contributes thirty dollars each month for twenty months. Each month six hundred dollars^{go} to a certain member of the participants. The leader gets the first payment. Since I was the leader I got the first six hundred dollars. I use that money to pay for the loss of the robbery. Every month for the next twenty months I have to pay ~~twenty~~ dollars. At the end of twenty months my six hundred dollars would be all paid up. The month after the one in which the leader gets the money is open to any of the participants who needs the money that month. Each one of the member has but one chance to get the money. So that at the end of twenty months each one^{will} had had his chance. The leader is ^{held} ~~the~~ responsible if any of the members does not pay his monthly share. The leader has to pay the amount if any one of members dies. Or if anyone runs away right after he receives the six hundred dollars. It is not an easy thing to be a wue leader.

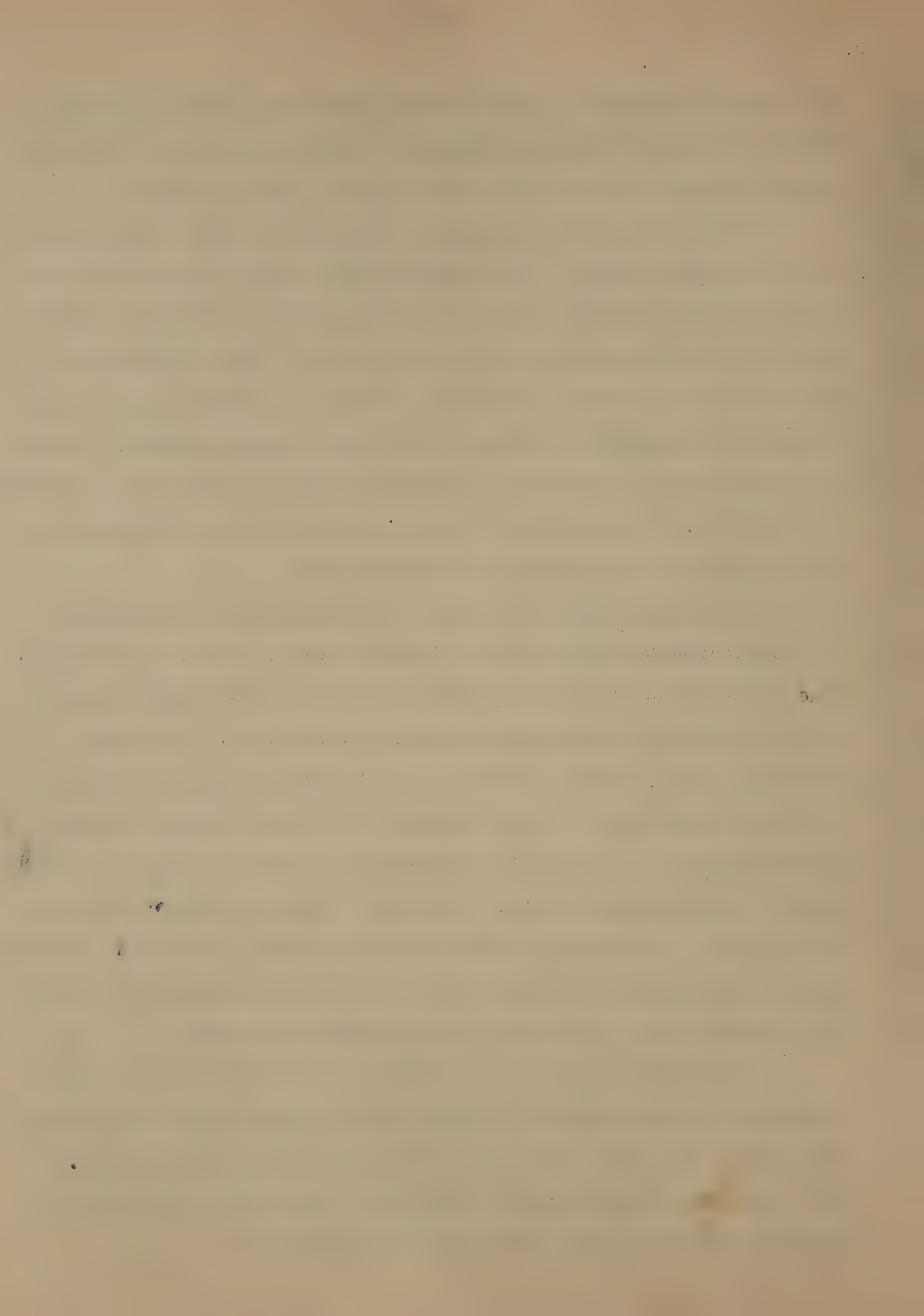
"The matter of procedure is like this. Each month after the first month of the plan, anyone of the members who needs the money marks a certain amount of money in a secret ballot which he hands in to the leader. The one ^{whose} ~~who~~ amount is the highest is ^{the} one who receives the money for that month. Suppose we say that a certain man is the receiver. He won because his ballot is of the amount five dollars. That means for that month he has to pay to each one of the member five dollars. Since there are twenty persons, he has to ^{pay} ~~paid~~ out one hundred dollars of his own money to get the

six hundred dollars. Since he had to pay back that six hundred dollars through monthly payments, it would appear like he has to lose a hundred dollars of his own money. But he doesn't.

"More often than not anyone who joined in the participation of a wue makes money. The hundred dollars that the man paid out is called the interest. For the next eighteen succeeding months the man will be receiving interest from the other eighteen men who are to receive the six hundred dollars on whatever month they wished. By receiving interest for those eighteen months, the man will receive about the same amount in which he paid out as interest for himself. Or he will get more or a little less depending on the ballots of the succeeding eighteen men.

"This plan is to help people out who are in an emergency. The participants either lose a few dollars or make a few dollars. The last man to receive the money is the real one who makes money. He is the one ^{who} is receiving interest all the time. Sometimes the last man makes from a few dollars to over a hundred dollars. This is a good plan to help anyone out. It all depends on the participants. If anyone is dishonest or slow in payment it would throw everything in a mess. The leader does not gain anything in interest. He does not have to pay interest. He gains nothing and he loses nothing. All he has to do is to pay back the amount he borrows. His only worry is of dishonest members.

"I managed to get out of a hole as a result of the wue. Everyone of the members is honest and I did not have any trouble. This plan is a very good one if everybody cooperates and helps. If anyone is found out to be dishonest in a wue, his chance of getting into any future wues is very slight."



The man had heard of another man who started a wue. That man was a leader. One of the members ran away after he had collected the money. The leader was held responsible and he had a hard time getting out of debt. When this man started his six hundred dollars wue, he was afraid that the same thing would happen to him. But he was willing to take the chance because he needed the money so badly. As it happened everything worked out smoothly.

Today the man is still cutting clothes. His two daughters go to the grammar school. One is expecting to graduate in the next semester.

The man's ambition is to become a school teacher. But due to lack of financial backing his education is not as complete as he would like it. His father is satisfied if his son becomes a successful business man. But the desire of the son to be a scholar always remained in his mind. Even^{though} he did not have a good education he knew more than others who^{had} a more than adequate education.

Often in the spare time, in his boyhood days, he spent it in reading. And in memorizing the different words. Everyday he read the newspaper and whenever he did not know what a word meant he asked anyone who happened to be nearby. Through his own determination to learn the boy gathered invaluable knowledge from the newspaper, the magazine, the books, and from booklets. During the new year he saved the money which the different friends gave him and bought a dictionary with it. When he first bought the dictionary he did not know how to use it. He got a friend of his to help him with the using of it. And whenever he did not know a word he will almost immediately look it up. By this way he learn^d many new words. Once he learned them, he always remember^d them.

When he was nineteen he got a job as a sort of a secretary. He had to make out bills for the boss whom he was working for. It was a very easy job but it demanded accuracy. Since this man was accurate in his work, he kept the job for a long while.

When his father died he was the main support of the family. There were days in which he did not know where the next meals were coming from. He had but one brother and one sister. In spite of the small family the amount he earned was hardly enough ~~to~~ for the family to get along.

The his lucky break came for him. He was hired as an assistant teacher at a small school for infants. At that time he was already married. His sister got ^{married} ~~marry~~ to a man from a neighborly village. His brother went into business for himself. So, luckily, for the man, he had only his mother to take care of. His mother came and live with him and his wife. And you can be sure there was not quarrel between the wife and the mother.

The man held his school job for many years. Then he was called over here to America by his cousin. His wife remained in the village and the husband over here send some mohey back once in a while to help with the expenses. And years later he brought his wife over. And now today he is working in the dress-making business. During the last few years the business is affected by the recent depression. So was every other business.

Now business is beginning ~~to~~ pick up slowly ^{but} ~~by~~ surely. And perhaps in the not so far future the business will once more enjoy its former glory.

Meanwhile the man continued with his work, living his life as he thinks it should be live.

The Kindly Old God

~~The Festival of the Bamboo Firecrackers~~

He is an old kindly looking man, wearing a large full cloak of blue, trimmed with golden borders. His shoulders are covered with ~~with~~ a magnificent red cape, ^{which is} also trimmed with gold. He wears an elaborate crown on his head. In his hands he holds a small picture of a white animal reclining on the ground. Up above him there hang ^{you ask me} red curtains of dazzling colors. And what is this? It is the picture of a Chinese God.

There he stands, up on the little shelf, so serene and unaware of everything that is happening. The long punks glow with a mellow light, illuminating his kind face and eyes. He looks like an old man who is still strong and sturdy despite his ~~old~~ age. The picture is surrounded with a trim black frame, and over the edges of the frame is spread a piece of thin red silk. On top of the frame there looms up two peacock feathers of bright colors. In a little glass a steady light ^{continually} burns ~~onwards~~. Sometimes it seems as if the expression of the God changes. He laughs; he is angry; he is joyful, and ^{though it all} yet ~~it seems~~ that his expressions ^{does} has not changed ^{in the least} at all.

No matter where one stands, one ~~could~~ ^{can} see his eyes ^{staring} ~~azing~~ steadily at ^{you} ~~one~~.

His name is "Buck Dei." And the story ^{about} ~~of~~ him ^{takes one} ~~goes way~~ far back, ^{that took} long ago to a happening in China...

One year there came to a certain section of China a raging disease that swept all over the countryside, and ^{many} people

and ^{seemed} died quickly, ^{of stopping} and there was no way in which to stop it. Then, one day a group of old villagers got together and said, "There is evil in this land of ours. ^{and} We must ^{get} rid ourselves of this evil before it is too late." So many large bamboo firecrackers were prepared, and, on the second day of the second month in the Chinese calendar, these bamboo firecrackers were shot off ^{with} amidst a great deal of elaborate ceremony. And, strangely enough, after this display of fireworks, the disease suddenly came to a halt, and the old villagers said that the firecrackers had scared the devils away.

Thereafter in the years that followed, on the same day, the ceremony of shooting large bamboo firecrackers was followed regularly. Now as it had happened in all other customs, the people over here in America celebrate this holiday in a slightly different ^{fashion} way.

In a ^{the} little town ^{of} called Marysville, ^{California} I think, there is a temple dedicated ~~over~~ to this god, and every year, on the second day of the second month, ^{of the} Chinese calendar, this ceremony of shooting off large bamboo firecrackers is observed. ~~We have never seen this ceremony before, but we will write about it as described to us by one who had seen it.~~

There are one hundred of these large bamboo firecrackers, and each one has a number attached to it, ranging from one to a hundred.

Each one is shot off, and when it explodes, it jumps up into the air, flying ^{high up a considerable distance} ~~way out into the land~~. ~~Now~~ There are many spectators lined up to watch, and when one of these firecrackers

is
 goes off, there ~~will be~~ a rush to get it. Whoever acquires ~~acquire~~ this bamboo shell first ^{may} ~~is the one to~~ keep it, provided that he wants it and is willing to pay ~~over~~ the amount of money which that number calls for. In case ~~that~~ he does not desire to keep it, he can either give it to someone who wants it, or in case nobody wants that ^{particular} ~~certain~~ number, then the hollow bamboo shell ^{belongs to} ~~is retained by~~ the temple for that year.

The number four bamboo shell is the luckiest one out of the whole hundred, and whoever acquires ~~that~~ is supposed to ^{have} ~~be in possession of~~ good luck for ^{ever} ~~always~~. In order to ^{by} ~~the~~ possession ^{it} ~~of this~~, ^{however,} ~~one~~ has to pay ~~out~~ one hundred dollars for it, and if he wishes to keep it forever, he must pay a hundred dollars every single year, ~~up to the time when he wishes to return the number back to the temple.~~

^{a large number of Chinese}
 Every year ~~there is a~~ pilgrimage to Marysville by a large group of Chinese people. Most of these ^{men} ~~are~~ are gamblers or people who have had ^{bad} ~~ill~~ luck, and who wish ^{to invoke} ~~for~~ the aid of the "Buck Dei" ^{to attain} ~~into~~ to help them ~~into~~ prosperity or good fortune. If a person gets a ^{given} ~~number~~, and that year he has good luck and fortune, he ^{can} ~~could~~ keep that number for another ^{year} ~~provided~~, of course, ~~that~~ he is willing to pay his dues for that year. Meanwhile that number will still be shot off in the yearly celebration, but no one ^{may} ~~could~~ claim it..

In our house there is one of these ^{gods} ~~gods~~, number forty-four, and I remember how excited everyone was when it was brought into the house.

It was early ^{in the} ~~that~~ morning ^{in fact,} that I heard first about the "Buck Dei."

It ^(so) happened that we knew a person who was not getting along very well ^{either in} ~~with~~ his private ^{or in his} ~~and~~ business life. He heard about this celebration down in Marysville, and he told mother about it. He was going down to see the celebration, ^{he said,} and he was going to come back with one of these bamboo shells. Now since mother is a very superstitious person, the only one in the family ^(in fact) who is really superstitious, she told the man to get one for her too.

And I, as always, just clenched my hands and said nothing. What with pictures of gods, fortune-telling^{ers'}, prophecies, horoscopes, all cluttering the house everywhere ^(I almost went mad). But I'm sure life would go on just ^{as} ~~like~~ it has been ^{doing} even without all this bother.

Well, the next time I heard about this "Buck Dei" was ^{my} that same night at about eleven o'clock. I was awakened by a great deal of noise, and since I am ~~one who is easily~~ awakened by the slightest noise, I got up to see what it was all about.

Everybody was leaning over the table looking at the picture. There ^{was} a picture on the table, a hollow bamboo firecracker, two peacock feathers, and a piece of red silk cloth. Everyone was loudly talking about the celebration and how exciting it all was. In fact, it was so exciting, I found ^{it} necessary to go back to bed.

The next morning mother sent me up to Kress to buy a small piece of oilcloth, and some night-lights at the

drug store. And when I reached home my brother Sung was already fixing a little shelf near the wall. When it was finished mother cut the oilcloth ^{just} ~~to~~ the right size and covered the piece of dirty wood. Then she took out two long glass bowls, and into each one she put ~~an~~ ^{an} artificial rose. She filled up a glass bowl with water, and on top of that she poured ~~oil~~, and ~~on top of~~ ⁱⁿ the oil she put ~~in~~ one night light. She lit that, and a steady fire ^(began burning which lasted) ~~burned~~ for hours.

Late that evening she lit ^(some) red wax candles ^(and) punks, ~~and~~ ^{out} poured three cups of wine and rice and put them in front of the picture.

The number of the picture we ^{have now} ~~had~~ was forty-four, and it cost us four and a half dollars to get it. It has been in our possession ^{now} for two years. ^{And} Did the "Buck Dei" bring us ^{good} fortune? Let me see.

Two years ago I was wearing fifteen cents socks, and now I ^{buy} ~~buy~~ only twenty-five cents stockings. Two years ago I had only two pair of shoes, now I have three. ~~(They still cost less than five dollars.)~~ Two years ago, my father wished to return back ^(to China to see) ~~to~~ his mother. Now he's ^{there} ~~back~~.

And ^{my} ~~then~~ friends said to mother, "Ah, how fortunate you are. Your husband is back in China, your boy is working. What have you to worry about?" And mother would say, her voice grateful and soft, "Yes, the "Buck Dei" has ^{brought} ~~bring~~ us luck indeed."

But I still say, all these things would have happened anyway, even if we had no picture of this ^{god} ~~god~~. ~~(Thunder, strike me down!)~~

Now to take the other side of the story.

The man who went ~~into~~ to Marysville to get this ~~god~~ ^{continued to} ~~suffered~~ ^{still} after he had ^{bought his} possession of the picture. His health broke down, and it was necessary for him to go ~~into~~ a public institution because he had no money. At that time ^{his} the wife was ^{ready} in the mood to send the picture of the ~~god~~ back to the temple. However, the husband showed signs of getting well, and friends advised the wife not to send the ~~god~~ back since he was helping the husband to get well.

The man came out of the hospital, and in less than two months had to go back ~~in~~ again, and this time his condition was so serious that he has been there ever since. And ~~then~~ ^{his} his wife decided that she was really going to send back the picture of the ~~god~~ to the temple. ↗

^{For} And the wife said, ^{of} "The ~~god~~ is no good. He has turned against us, and brought us nothing but bad luck."

Now, I think, isn't it better to let good or bad luck come as it always will, and forget that it is either caused by this or that ~~one~~?

I am quite sure that my father didn't go back to China just because we have a picture of the "Buck Dei" in our room. And I am ^{just as} ~~quite~~ sure that the man didn't become sick just because he has the "Buck Dei" in his room.

I happen to know that ^{this man} ~~he~~ had lived a ^{riotous} life of pleasure, and, in his youth, wasted ^{both} his energy and strength. And ^{so} it is not strange to see his weakened condition catching up with him...

Now the festival of the bamboo firecrackers is not really a holiday, for there are many who ~~has~~ never heard of it, and do not know what it is all about. It is ^{simply} a custom followed by a small group of people, people who believe in ^{this} ~~such~~ particular superstition.

In China ^{they say,} the ceremony is very elaborate, and on the day of ^{the} celebration, a large group of villagers journey ^{to} towards the open ^{country} land. On this ^{at} day large quantities of roast pigs are prepared, and carried up to where ^{place of} the celebration ~~is to~~ take place. The firecrackers are shot off to frighten away ^{the} all devils and evil spirits. Then, at night, ^{there is another} great display of fireworks ~~are shot off~~. The custom of putting the picture of the "Buck Dei" in the house is not as closely observed in China as it is in America. Over there, once the celebration is over, it is ended until the next year.

Here in America those who have pictures of the God in the ⁱⁿ house take great care ^{to} in seeing that every day oil is burned, ^{and that} punks are lighted. In other words, they do not want to offend the Gods in any ^{manner} thing they do. There are some who burn golden candles all the day long.

A pair of these candles burns about thirty minutes. So the cost of keeping the Gods satisfied does ^{really} cost a great deal of money.

In our house we only light three punks each day, and burn one night light. ~~And perhaps~~ Once in awhile ^{perhaps,} wax candles ^{also} are offered to the God.

The hundred numbers ^{(of which I spoke before,} are almost always claimed by someone ^{(body or other,}.
 And a person can keep his ~~certain~~ number as long as he wants, that is,
 until ~~the time~~ ^{give} he wishes to ~~keep~~ it up, or whenever he wishes
 to change to another number.

^{Let me give an example.}
 Suppose we say ~~that~~ a person wishes to get a number eight.
 How does he go about it.²

This ^{what he does} ~~is the way it is done.~~ Every one of the bamboo
^{we have seen,} firecracker ~~is~~ numbered from one to a hundred, ~~and nobody~~
~~knows which is which.~~ When the firecrackers are shot off
 the only way to get one is to get it before the other fellow. ^{does}
 If you get a bamboo shell with ^{that happens to be} a number eight, ~~then number~~
~~eight is your number.~~ ^{all is well, but} But if it should be any of the other
 ninety-nine numbers, you have to keep that ^{particular} ~~certain~~ number
^{that is, if} ~~provided that~~ you want it.

There are ^{then} ~~only~~ two ways to get the number you want. ^{in which you can}
 The first way is to get a bamboo shell with that ^{actual} ~~certain~~
^{on it} number ~~in it.~~ The chances are ~~one in a hundred~~ a hundred to one
 that you will ^{to not} ~~get that number.~~ ^{it} The other way is to hope
 that someone else has gotten the number you ~~desire,~~ ^{and} but
^{doesn't} which ~~he does not want.~~ ^{it} In that case he ^{will} ~~turns~~ the number into
 to the temple, and you ^{can} ~~could~~ go and claim ^{it}. Even then you
 may not get it, for there may be someone ahead of you who
 wishes that number too.

In case that the number you wish is already in someone's
 possession, and that ^{person} ~~someone~~ is unwilling to give ^{it} up ~~that~~

(The chances are you will probably die before him.)

^{all you can do is to}
~~number,~~ well, ~~the only way is to wait until that person dies.~~ ^{he}

~~(You probably die before he does, waiting for it.)~~ [^] The other way is to hope that he will have such bad luck, that he will return the number ~~back~~ to the temple. ^{In} ~~If~~ that's the case, you probably ^won't want it.?

So the only way is ^{to} forget that ^{there} is such a thing as the "Buck Dei" and go on living as you always have lived.

Then come what may, what will, ~~and~~ you will have nothing to blame ^{for} ~~on~~ your good or bad luck ~~at all~~...

Meanwhile the flame is steadily burning in the little glass jar, and sometimes I go into the room and say quietly, "Oh, Buck Dei, do something about my writing." Well, so far, my prayers have not been answered. So ^{can} could you blame me if I say, "Damn ~~with~~ all superstition."^{s?}

^{And then} ~~When~~ I look at the picture of the god again, I ^{think} ~~suspect~~ ~~that~~ I see a sort of dirty look in his eyes, and I become afraid, and I do not dare to ^{take another glance at him} ~~look at the picture again.~~

The Corpse that Lived Again

On the road which led into and out from the village there was a large tavern where the villagers assembled to talk and to dine, and this famous eating place was so situated that all roads, large or small, leading either in or out from the village, were but tributaries of the main road where the famous inn was located.

An old father, spent in years and strength, his son, and the wife of the son, were the ones who looked ~~###~~ after the place, and they prepared the meals, rented the rooms to all that came by there. Now at this time it so happened that a great festival was going on, and for three days and three nights there was to be a great celebration, with song, laughter, and joy everywhere, for the occasion was the observing of an important holiday that comes once every three years.

People from far and near swarmed into the tavern, and this tremendous ^{crowd} brought an onrush of money into the tavern such as the old man had never seen before. The money came so fast and so steadily that the old one offered a prayer to the Gods on high.

"Oh, heavenly ones, I am indeed grateful that at last I am to be rich," he said reverently. "For these many years I have slaved, yet so little have I. But now, I am thankful that this good fortune has come to me at last." And he wept at his great happiness.

The first day of the celebration passed by, and what

night when the old man counted his money, he trembled at the sight of the enormous amount he had. And still there were two more days of the celebration. On the second day business was better than the day before, and the old man was kept busy all day long running back and forth, seeing to this and to that. Then ^{on} that same day a great tragedy came upon him, for the wife of his son died suddenly, and for what reason no one knew.

At first the old man could not believe that good fortune and sadness could come so close and near to each other. In the small late hours of that second night he pondered, "Why must the death of my daughter-in-law come at a time like this? Is all the money that I have taken in these last two days to be spent on one expensive funeral?"

Yet even though he loved his sudden wealth, the old one loved his daughter-in-law more, and after many weary hours of pondering he knew that he must spend the money for a good elaborate funeral. But he knew too, that he could not attend to the matter yet, for business at the tavern kept him and his son almost constantly busy. So he took the body of the dead woman to a dark lonely basement and left it there for a temporary rest. When business gets back to normalcy, he would attend to the burial of the woman.

On the third day of the celebration every available room in the tavern was occupied, and many guests, even those that came from afar were turned away, for no more rooms were available.

That day the old father sent the son to a nearby village to buy a coffin, and he said to him, "After this third day is passed, your wife will be laid to rest in final peace." And so

the son journeyed to the village to search out a coffin for his wife.

II

It was six in the dusky evening, and four travelers who had come to join in the celebration were slowly making their way back to the village where they lived. It was far away, over the mountains, and for one day the four men had been journeying homeward.

Earlier that same day, one of the four men had been complaining of a bad stomach ache, and he said to his companions, "I cannot go on much longer in my condition. Let us find a place to rest, for I am spent and wearied."

At first the other three thought that perhaps it was a slight ailment that was bothering their companion, but when night began to fall, and the condition of the man became worse, the three men became alarmed. One of them said, "There is a tavern not far from here. Let us go there for the night, and in the morrow, we shall resume our journey again."

The sick man said quickly, "Yes, let us do that, for I am much too wearied to ~~journeyed~~ journey any farther." And the four men directed their way to the tavern. When they were come to it, they went inside, and the old father who opened the door said to them, "All rooms are occupied, and I cannot let you^t four stay here for the night."

, When the sick man heard this, he said anxiously, "But there must be a place where we can stay? We are not particular people and any room will be all right with us. Be kind, old one,

for I am ill, and unless I rest soon, I fear for my life." And the old father looked at the sick one, and he knew that indeed the man was very ill, and he muttered to himself, very softly, "The only place I can put them is in the basement where the dead woman is. Perhaps if I push the coffin into a far corner, these four men will not notice it."

Now one of the four travelers had sharp keen ears, and when he heard this, he said then, "Of course, a basement will suit us well. Lead us to it."

But the old father was startled that someone had overheard his mutterings, and he said, "Well, it is in bad condition I shall go down and clean it up, and when it is ready, I shall call you."

"Meanwhile order yourself good food and rice wine," he added. Then quickly he descended to the dark ominous basement, and using all his feeble strength he could, he pushed the coffin into an obscured corner. Then taking a large piece of cloth, he ^{hung} ~~###~~ it up in such a way that the coffin was entirely hidden from view. Satisfied then that the four men would never know what was behind the curtain, he poured out some oil into a dish, and ignited the small wick which gave out a thin feeble light. Then he went back upstairs and led the four men down.

Now of course when the sick one saw the room he was satisfied for he was spent of all strength, and he said, "At last a place to rest our wearied bodies." And he lay down to sleep

immediately on one of the four mats which the old man had placed ^{were} ~~on~~ the floor. By now all four travelers ~~###~~ were tired and full of food, and they were all wearied. They paid the old man

money for the night's lodging, and he went out, closing the door behind him.

Although the room was dark, and the feeble light gave forth very little illumination, the four men were too tired to feel any sort of strangeness that might be there. And so they drifted into slumber, one by one.

Of these four, however, there was one who could not sleep, and even though he was exhausted, he found it difficult to rest. All through the night he tossed restlessly on his mat. Then in the small late hours of night, there came a certain moment when everything became suddenly eerie, when the darkness in the room became even more obscure and strange. It was at this moment that the fourth traveler heard a scratching noise in the far corner of the room. Dismissing it as a mouse moving around, he paid no attention to it. Then a few moments later, he heard the noise again, and this time he sat up on his mat, ^{becoming} ~~becoming~~ curious, straining his ears to listen more carefully.

Then from the remote corner, behind the blanket, it came, that eerie noise which made the fourth traveler shudder while he sat in stark silence, listening to it. Peering toward the corner in the dim light, he saw the blanket move slightly. At first he thought that perhaps it was his imagination that made him see the movement, but when he saw it again, this time with a long thin white ghostly fingers clutching it, he felt his heart grow cold. So frightened was he that he was unable to move, and he kept staring at the curtain as if in a hypnotized trance.

Slowly, lifting the curtain up, a ghostly figure with a ~~stark, ghastly~~

sickly yellowish face stepped from behind the curtain, its eye-sockets half-closed, its long bony fingers clutching the walls. This resurrected figure crept slowly across the room to where the four men were sleeping.

The fourth traveler, realizing that the ghost-woman was coming toward his direction, quickly hid himself beneath the old blankets, hardly daring to make a movement for fear that he might attract the attention of the walking corpse. Peering from an opening in the old blanket, he saw the ghost woman creep up to where the first man was sleeping, and leaning down, she blew three times on the face of the sleeping man. Then after she had done that, she staggered across to where the second man was sleeping, and again she leaned down and blew on the face of the sleeping man three times. This she did also to the third man.

The four traveler watched all this, frozen in fright. Although he wished to run, he dared not. Holding his breath, he lay motionless, shocked in horror. The ghost woman was already upon him. Although his head was entirely covered by the old blankets, he could feel the hot breath of the ghost seeping through the blankets. Three times she blew thus, then she retraced her steps, and went behind the curtain.

The four traveler heard the lid of the coffin close with a creaking sound, then all was quiet once more. This intense silence was even more frightful than what the four traveler had just seen. When he was certain that the ghost woman was securely inside the coffin, he slowly peered out. The oil lamp was still burning, and it threw a flickering shadow on the hanging curtain.

The frightened man stretched out his foot, and with a

careful push, he nudged the sleeping companion near him, but the sleeping one continued to lie motionless on the floor. Going from one sleeping man to another, he tried to wake them all, but none moved. Frantic, still fearful that the ghost woman might hear him, he shook the sleeping figures, and again there was no response from any of them.

At this moment then, the sound of of a creaking coffin lid could be heard, and the scratching sound was distinct in the quiet room.

When the fourth traveler heard this, he quickly dived into his mat, pulled the blankets over his head. The ghost woman crept up to him and the others, and blew three times on each one. Then after she had done that, she went back behind the curtain, and lay down on the coffin again.

Immediately the four trav^{er}ler rushed out of the room, leaving the door open behind him. He ran on the road leading to his home, never once looking back for fear that he might see the ghost woman behind him. After running a long while, he became exhausted, and stopped by a roadside to rest. Out of the corner of his eyes, he caught sight of a fast moving white figure that drifted nearer and nearer. It was the resurrected corpse chasing him. Too late the man realized his error in stopping, and now spurred on by his fear, he shot along the road at a very rapid pace. Now and then he looked back, and still the female corpse was there behind him, sometimes gaining on him, sometimes far behind him. On, on, he ran until the sky began to turn into morn-

ing, yet although he was tired, he dare not hesitate, and he ran on with a strength he did not know he possessed. While he ran, he yelled continuously, calling for aid, but this was a remote part of the land, in the interior, and there was no living soul anywhere.

He speeded across the road until he came to a section of land ^{where} ~~here~~ he knew a temple was located. In the open air now he could hear the soft chanting of a lonely priest who dwelt there. The frightened man was dead with exhaustion by now, and when he saw the temple looming in front of him, he said a silent prayer of thanks. Rushing up to the temple's door, knocking frantically, he called out, "Open the door, open the door, my life is in danger! Quickly, now!"

But the priest, since he was chanting his prayers, did not like to be interrupted, and he continued to chant on, striking now and then on a brass gong.

By now the femal ghost had come nearer, and still the priest had not finished his prayer. The traveler rushed down the steps of the temple to avoid the femal^d ghost who was now almost directly in front of him. He rushed toward a large tree which was nearby, the ghost in swift pursuit. Straight to the tree, the man rushed, and when he was about a foot from it, he swerved, and the femal ghost, unable to stop, because of the momentum, hit against the tree so strongly that her fingernails pierced through the tree like blades of steel.

The traveler, now shocked by horror and dead from exhaustion, had fainted on the ground, panting for breath.

By now the priest had finished his prayers, and he opened the door of his temple to investigate the cause of the great commotion he had heard a while ago. And he looked around, yet was able to see nothing unusual. But he caught sight of a dark shadow near the trunk of the large tree, so he went closer to find out what caused it. To his amazement he found the body of a dead woman there, the ten fingers deeply entrenched into the tree trunk. Not far from the tree, the priest discovered the body of the fainted man. He bent down to listen to the heart of the traveler, and he knew that the man was still alive, so he carried him into his temple and brewed some magic herbs which he poured down the throat of the weakened man.

Then certain that the traveler was well for the moment, the priest went outside, and with great strength was finally able to pull out the dead woman from the tree trunk. On the trunk now there were ten deep holes where the sharp fingernails of the female corpse had pierced through.

When the traveler was sufficiently recovered from his shock, he told the priest his story, and how he ##### had rented the basement for a night's lodging, and how the female corpse came out and blew on the faces of his three companions, and he said in the end, "I do not know what have happened to my friends, but I fear for their lives." And the priest said then, "I shall accompany you to the tavern, and we shall find out about everything."

So later that day, both the priest and the traveler made their way to the tavern, there to discover that the

other three were dead, for when the ghost woman blew on them, their faces were exposed to the deadly fumes, and it had killed them all. The fourth traveler was so pained at the death of his friends that he went before a high magistrate of the ~~#####~~^{court} and said, "Three of my companions had been killed by a female corpse, and I hold the old father and his son responsible for what had happened, to their greed in wishing to have money by renting a basement room where the dead woman was."

Now when the old father and son were brought before the magistrate, the old one said, "Alas, I am grieved to see such a ghastly thing happen to the guests at my tavern. Yet neither I nor my son is responsible. For on that certain day the four travelers came to my place and demanded a room. One of the four was sick, and because the other three urged me so desperately to provide a room for him, I finally consented to let them have the basement room, the only available lodging in the place. What my dead wife did, I am not responsible for."

And the magistrate listened to this one and to that one, yet make a decision he could not as to whom was right, or wrong, so for two long years the case remained unsettled, and frequent delays in hearing made it impossible to come to a definite verdict.

During this time while the case remained unsettled, while it was being battled, first by one side, then by the other, the magistrate trying the case was transferred over to another province, and a new magistrate came to take his place. And there came a day, therefore, when he was to pass judgment on this case which had come up again

after many years of delay. And he demanded, too, that all statements and testimonies be brought forth unto him, and for many days and many nights he studied them. Yet after he had weighed all evidence, he was still puzzled at the reason for the corpse's desire to kill three men. And ~~##~~ for many days he pondered on and on till oneday when he by chance happened to glance through an old book which bore this statement, "Whenever a person dies on the same date and hour as that of which he was born on, he will always rise again and kill anyone he sees."

Now when the magistrate read this, he thought, "Can it be possible that this case which has been causing so much confusion these last few years is identical to the one in this book?" And he demanded that the birth hour and date of death of the corpse be determined, and he found them to the same. In the end the case was settled, and the old father and his son were not guilty of any wrong. Thus the controversy was settled at last.

